

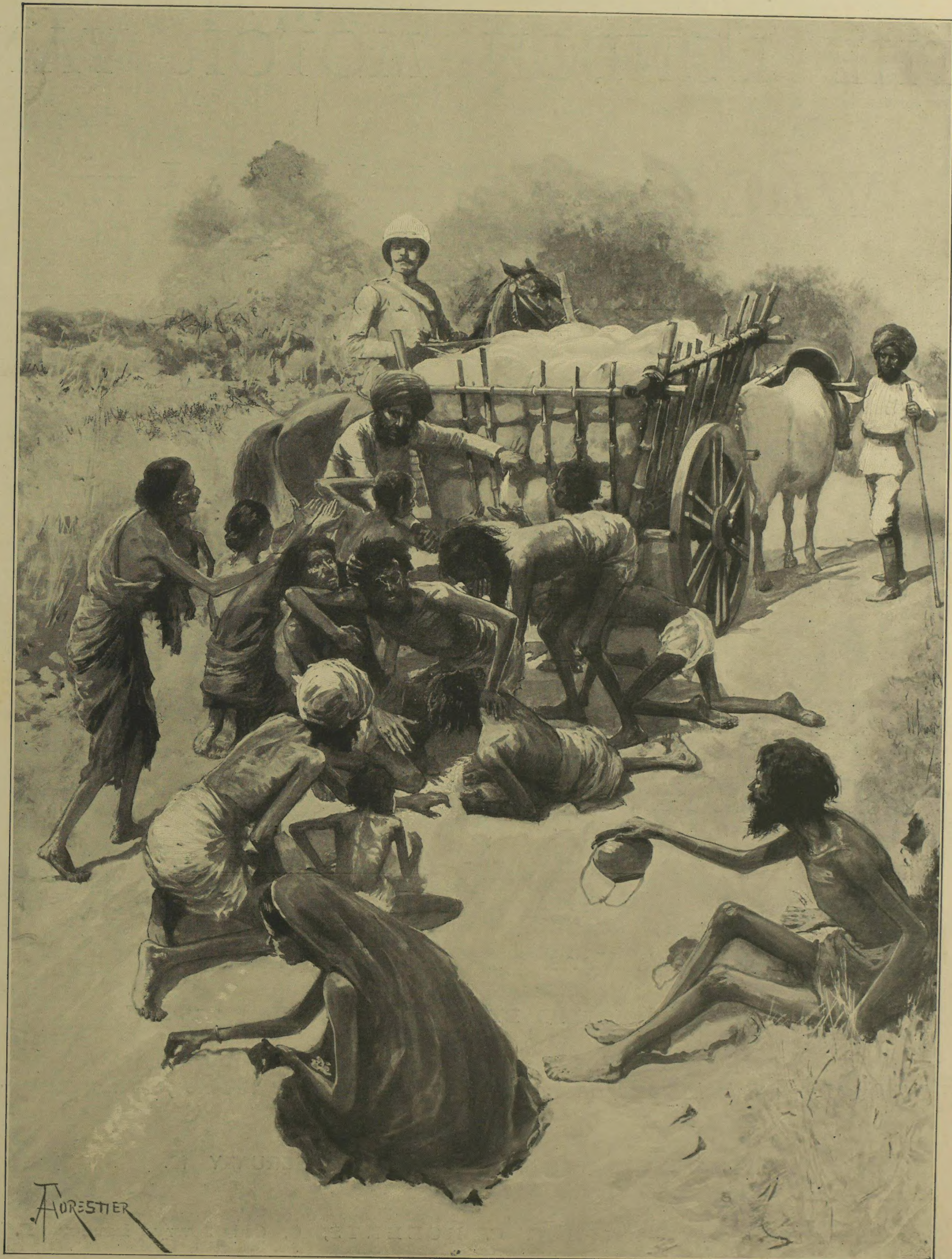
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE INDIAN FAMINE: ON THE ROAD TO THE RELIEF HOUSES—A LEAKAGE AND A SCRAMBLE.

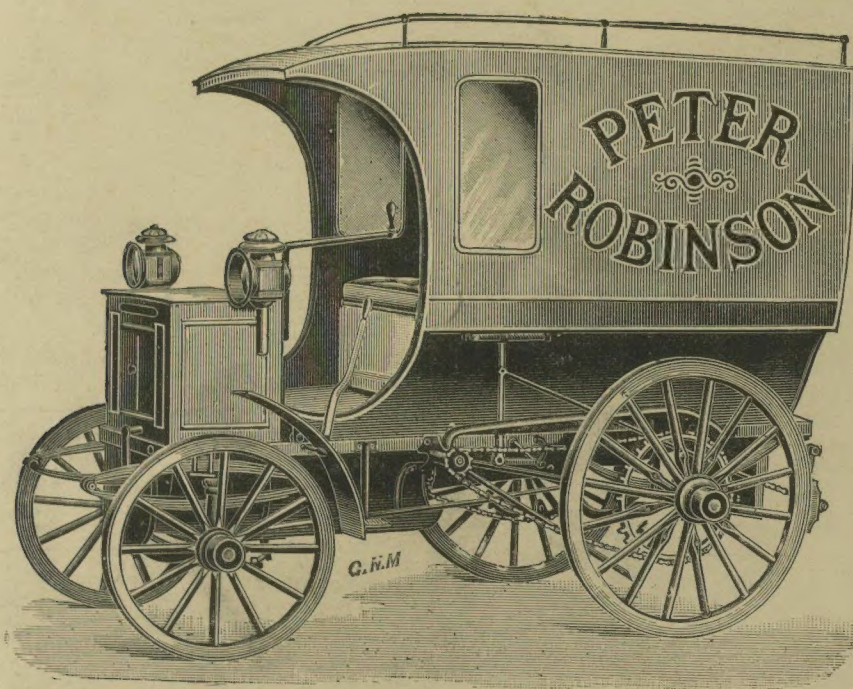
Preliminary Announcement.

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Full Prospectus will be issued on Monday Next, Feb. 15, and may be obtained from the Secretary.

LISTS OPEN FEBRUARY 17, CLOSE FEBRUARY 19.

Secretary and Office (pro. tem.)—ARTHUR C. ROBERTS, 6, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

DR. NANSEN'S VISIT.

If Dr. Nansen had been one of ourselves, we really could not have made more of him than we have been doing. His welcome in London has been of the heartiest sort, and he is sure to find it continued in the provinces. It is not always that we take a man of foreign blood to the national bosom. When we do make an exception, we are thorough; only many people would say that Nansen is hardly to be thought a foreigner. The allusion, of course, is twofold. He is of a race whose blood we have, in a measure, ourselves, and his name, his personality, and his Arctic works have become matters of everyday familiarity to us. He struck the note of kinship himself when he declared, in effect, in one of his speeches, "If I have been able to do anything it is because I have studied well your English explorers of the Polar regions."

This was at the dinner given in his honour by the learned members of the Royal Societies Club. The affair took place at the excellent quarters in St. James's Street, where the *savants* meet to smoke the peace-pipe; and, to be quite precise, the date was Friday, Feb. 5, the hour of foregathering 7 p.m. Dr. Nansen is a man of method and accuracy, and he was present in ample time to see even the early guests arrive, and to give them, when Sir Clements Markham had done the same, a hearty grip of the hand. There is no talking of the crowd of scientists who thus offered congratulations to the explorer, and, indeed, everything that is best in our public life was represented.

A word as to how Dr. Nansen looked then and at other times, and it might be a brief word, for he just looked himself. He may be a shade under or a shade over six feet; but either way, he is a fine fellow. His loosely knit frame betokens perfect elasticity combined with the rugged strength of some hard-wood tree. Seeing him, with his broad shoulders, his long grasp of arm, and his clean-cut loins, one could fancy it was only such a figure that could cross Greenland on foot, or accomplish the terrible sledge journey with Johansen. Thoughtful blue eyes sit in a face which tells at once of a kind heart, of generous thoughts, and of a resolution as irresistible as the oncoming of an Arctic berg. The evening dress which a high civilisation makes compulsory, the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf glittering on the left breast, perhaps the red riband of the order hanging from the shoulder—that is Dr. Nansen as thousands have got sight of him, say at the great Albert Hall meeting.

Here was really the outstanding event of his visit, for it was the social note that held sway alike when he was the guest of the Royal Societies Club and of the Savage Club on the following evening. The Albert Hall gathering—which brought him to Monday evening—implied something more serious than that lightsome chat as to the complete Savage he had been in appearance less than a year ago, more serious even than the scratching of his signature anew on the walls of the widely known wigwam of Adelphi Terrace. At the Albert Hall Dr. Nansen was under the official auspices of the Geographical Society, and his lecture was a set account of his expedition rendered to the geographers. Such an audience is only drawn together once in a while—for example, when a Stanley returns from "Darkest Africa" or, on the other hand, when a Patti sings. The Prince of Wales was there, and so were the Duke and Duchess of York. There was a whole row of the diplomats who are accredited to the Court of St. James's, and our own Arctic travellers made a goodly quorum. Certainly it was a notable picture, and one not readily to be forgotten.

As is well known by this time, Dr. Nansen speaks English with easy fluency, and with only an accent sufficient to give piquancy to his speech. He told the story of his expedition in a simple and modest way, which made every listener a friend and something of a hero-worshipper. Often in a single sentence he succeeded in conveying that sense of Arctic scenery and life which explorers find so elusive when they sit down with pen in hand. "These Polar regions," one touch of description ran, "with the moon travelling on its way through the silent night, make you think you have left this globe and gone to some strange world where there is nothing but marble and white snow." Again, people were keenly touched by the extract from his diary in which he had set down Christmas as it was being celebrated at home and the Christmas of desolation and bears' meat three times a day that waited on himself and Johansen. All in the Albert Hall agreed that Dr. Nansen had richly earned the special gold medal with which the Prince of Wales presented him on behalf of the Geographical Society.

In the welcome extended to the explorer Mrs. Nansen and Lieutenant Scott-Hansen have shared. There is no need to speak of the private hospitality showered upon the party, but mention might be made of the lectures at the St. James's Hall. They actively opened the Nansen lecturing tour.

FLOODS IN THE THAMES VALLEY.

Heavy rains in the latter days of last week all over the southern parts of Great Britain caused extensive floods in the valleys and the low-lying districts. On the Thames about Maidenhead, Windsor, and Eton, and Hampton Court, large tracts of land were inundated. Much damage and inconvenience from a similar cause took place on the Leam and Avon, in Warwickshire, the Lea, in Hertfordshire, the Roding, in Essex, the Waveney, and other rivers of Suffolk and Norfolk, and the Welland and Nene, in the Fen country. The river at Windsor bridge on Tuesday evening was five feet above its usual level in summer; Eton was flooded, and much of the Windsor Home Park.

THE LOFOTEN FISHING SEASON.

The great Norwegian cod fishery season is now in full swing, and the whole appearance of the archipelago known as the Lofoten Islands, off the North Cape, has undergone its annual change from the desolation of its summer state to the life and bustle of the fishing season. The island scenery is thronged with the temporary wooden huts of the fishermen, and the water is alive with the boats of fisherfolk and traders come to purchase. The permanent population of the archipelago numbers but some four thousand souls, but for



MRS. NANSEN.

Photo Wolfenstein, Stockholm.

the first three and a half months of the year a population of from fifteen to twenty thousand fishers swarm around the Lofoten Islands, with boats, tackle, and provisions brought from all the coasts of the northern half of Norway. The season's yield of cod-fish is generally upwards of 30,000,000. The Lofoten Islands are also noted, though in a less degree, for their herring fishery and eider preserves.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

There has been no material change in the aspect of affairs in India, but the Famine Fund is being daily enlarged by handsome contributions. The distress is sadly on the increase, as is inevitable at such a time. Prices of grain at the local markets are probably the most accurate indication of the degree of distress prevailing over an extensive district, and are better worth recording than the numbers of persons receiving Government relief, accompanied with nominal or real employment at the Government works, daily reported by telegraph, these lists including, of course, a majority of helpless people, women and children, the aged, sick, and infirm, who could not do any work that might be found for them. But the Government returns for last week show a total of nearly two millions and a half people, altogether, being thus maintained at the public cost; in the North-West Provinces 1,254,000; in the Bombay Presidency 327,000; in Bengal 339,000; in the Punjab 97,000; in the Central Provinces 280,000; in Rajputana 25,000, in the territories under the Central India Political Agency 69,000; and some also in the Madras Presidency and in Burma. Rain had fallen, however, and the prices of grain were tending to decline.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON," AT THE LYRIC.

That "The Daughters of Babylon" is a success, from the spectacular point of view, appears to be generally admitted. All who have witnessed the play, the uncritical as well as the critical, unite in praising the scenery, the dresses, the appointments, and the general grouping of the supernumeraries. Mr. Wilson Barrett has chosen for his play a picturesque period and place; he has contrived to get for his story a background which in itself is a delight. Messrs. Telbin, Hann, and Ryan have supplied him with a series of "landscapes" and "interiors" which in the matter of beauty could not be surpassed; and his own good taste and judgment has guided him in the successful choice of other pictorial enhancements. Mr. Barrett is, moreover, a past-master in the art of effective stage-management, and the total result is a succession of scenes which well deserve the rapturous applause that they obtain.

But how about the play itself—the action, the characterisation, the diction, the atmosphere of the work? Well, in these respects, those who go to the Lyric Theatre during the run of the new piece must not expect too much. They must not look for anything more than an ordinarily interesting, well-presented drama. Mr. Barrett's *personæ* belong to the ancient world, but their words and deeds are somewhat modern. What plot there is is based upon an old Jewish law which condemned to death the woman who proved faithless to her betrothal vows. But though this enactment furnishes the climax of the play, the greater part of the action is of a kind sufficiently familiar. The graceful Elna, betrothed to the hypocritical Jediah, prefers to him his handsome brother Lemuel. Lemuel, discreetly leaving the plains for Babylonia, is followed by Elna in male attire. Elna attracts the notice of the profligate Alorus, while Lemuel is passionately pursued by the voluptuous Ishtah. In the end, Alorus and Ishtah both repent them of their wickedness, and the accusing Jediah being shown to be himself a sinner, Elna is allowed to ally herself to the man she loves and who loves her.

All this is simple enough, and will please the simple palate. But it is not particularly rousing, and it is not set forth with any special literary force or finish. The dialogue is not striking, and on the first night certainly there was too much of it. Let us hope (and, indeed, we may assume) that since then a good deal of the talk has been suppressed. Meanwhile Mr. Barrett, as his own Lemuel, Miss Maud Jefferies as Elna, Miss Lily Hanbury as Ishtah, Mr. McLeay as Jediah, and Mr. Manning as Alorus, are all excellently fitted for their rôles, which they render with clearness and directness. These players have, of course, the defects of their qualities, but they do excellently what is asked from them. Several of the minor characters—such as those undertaken by Mr. Charles Hudson and Miss Daisy Belmore—are also very suitably sustained.

"SWEET NANCY," AT THE COURT.

The first and last impression of "Sweet Nancy," as revived at the Court Theatre by Miss Annie Hughes, is that of fascinating freshness. Since Mr. Buchanan's adaptation of Miss Rhoda Broughton's story first appeared even years ago, stage literature has seen many a change, librating between the sombre and the silly; and you may decide that "Sweet Nancy" is fresh solely by reason of contrast. Even if it is a fairy tale, it is far more vivid than many a sombre transcript from life, because it is presented by the players one and all with the most diverting conviction and vivacity. We have had far too little of Miss Annie Hughes for many a day. The fashion that followed the plays in which she first proved herself to be a rare comédienne whittled her art into nothingness and relegated her to insignificant parts. But in "Sweet Nancy" she has elbow-room, and delights us as very few of the younger actresses can do. Following fast in her footsteps is Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who makes Tow Tow the drollest maiden conceivable. Mr. Edmund Maurice is excellent as Sir Roger Tempest, and Mr. Martin Harvey is remarkably real as Algy Gray, the bumptious cadet. Indeed, the whole company act together with verve, and complete a perfect illusion. The piece is preceded by "A Bit of Old Chelsea," a one-act play by Mrs. Oscar Beringer. Telling the incident of how a fainting flower-girl was brought home by Jack Hillier on the eve of his wedding, it is a trifle risky; but as played by Miss Annie Hughes, the flower-girl, nick-named "Saucers," becomes an artistic creation, half humorous, half pathetic, that none can cavil at. Here again Mr. Martin Harvey excelled himself as Hillier's brother artist, nick-named "the Sinner"; for he played a carousal scene with rare tact and with the heartiest conviction, though Mr. Edmund Maurice is somewhat stiff as the artist himself. In short, the Court bill is one of the most entertaining in all London at this moment. It is thoroughly diverting, using the adjective in its fine old-fashioned sense, and ought to insure Miss Annie Hughes success in her start as a manageress.

H U N T I N G W A P I T I I N M O N T A N A .

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



SURPRISING A HERD IN A FOG.



NOT SO DEAD AS HE SEEMED.



DR. NANSEN PRESENTED WITH THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S GOLD MEDAL BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ALBERT HALL.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY MR. MELTON PRIOR.

"It is my high privilege to have been asked, as vice-patron of the Royal Geographical Society, to give you, in the name of that Society, a special gold medal, which has been struck to commemorate this occasion."—THE PRINCE OF WALES.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What different views of age we take when we are old and when we are young! In our boyhood men of forty appear Nestors and men of sixty Methuselahs. In Lord Lytton's novels you will find the heroes coming on in years as the author grew older, so that you may almost fix his age by the dates of his stories. What makes a man seem very old in the eyes of the young is his having mixed in early life with persons of eminence in their old age, so that he is taken for their contemporaries. This, fortunately or unfortunately, is my own case; and my having been personally acquainted with De Quincey and Miss Mitford, for instance, makes me, no doubt, appear a patriarch. Still, it did rather alarm me the other day to read in a highly respectable journal some details, more or less correct, of my humble career, entitled "A Link with the Past." I had never looked at myself in that position, but had associated it with survivors of the battle of Trafalgar, or at all events of Waterloo, in neither of which actions I have ever pretended to have taken part. I am quite old enough, but really nothing of this kind—I am simply maturing like a peach on a wall—and, moreover, I am not at all fitted for the rôle in question. It is *de rigueur* with Links with the Past, I notice, to contrast the Present with it unfavourably, which is contrary to my sentiments. On the other hand, I take great interest in the Links; I like to hear them speak of "unhappy far-off things" with an undeserved, perhaps, yet not unbecoming regret. In their presence we seem almost in touch with that departed generation to which they belong. The dead and they are well nigh one.

A curious discovery of a Link with the Past has just been made in the case of Mrs. Hall, the last survivor of the family of Green whose parents perished in a snow-storm between Langdale and Grasmere so long ago as 1808. Their story lives in the amber of Wordsworth's verse and De Quincey's prose. I remember speaking to the latter about it in my youth, when every subject connected with the Lake Country was interesting to me. The being "smooored" in the snow is, unhappily, not a rare occurrence in the district; but as De Quincey explains, it was "the long concealment that rested on the parents' fate, pity for the helpless condition of the snowed-up children, so young, so instantaneously made desolate, and their salvation by the prudence and timely exertions of a little girl of nine years old" which excited public feeling so painfully. She was the eldest of six children, and on the third day managed to make her way through the snowdrifts and get assistance. The search for the lost parents pursued for days by the dulesmen is admirably described in the "Early Memorials of Grasmere." Mrs. Hall was the youngest of the bereaved ones.

A hygienic philosopher has been warning the world, and especially those who are new to it, against that headlong haste to which in these days competition and other forces are a great temptation. "It is become," he justly says, "a matter of the first necessity to keep a cool head, and not to lose control of our own lives." Stripped of its vagueness the advice seems to be directed against impulsive action, the desire to get things over, and hasty resolutions as to conduct. This is very well for some people; on the other hand, there are persons to whom suspense is a harder thing to bear than misfortune. Dickens was a striking example of this. His biographer tells us how much he lost from this attribute. He always preferred to take less for what he had to dispose of than to await events, even if they would obviously lead to his benefit. In giving advice one should consider character. These impatient spirits may lose something, but the waiting for better things exhausts their nervous systems. "Everything comes to him who waits" is a good axiom, but it needs the addition "long enough"; and it is this duration that in many cases wears the heart out.

In the "Story of the Weather" recently published, a very proper tribute is paid to the late Admiral Fitzroy, whose forecasts and warnings have been of such great service to our maritime population. It also mentions the ridicule with which they were received by those who ought to have known better, and who often paid for their incredulity with their lives. Even among naval officers there were some, in the early days of the system, who made light of it. I remember at a dinner-party one being asked what he thought of the new storm-signals, who replied that he had good reason for admiring them. "I was coming over from America," he said, "with two of the greatest bores I ever met with, and when we got to Queens-town found the cone up. They intended to come on with us, but being bad sailors they got off there, and finished their journey by land. It was beautiful weather, and the sea as calm as a duck-pond; but there was not one of the passengers who did not bless Captain Fitzroy's cone." As a matter of fact, however, even in the commencement of the system, 75 per cent. of the storm warnings "came off," while at the present time their correctness averages 90 per cent. Their reputation has, nevertheless, been established in the teeth of much opposition, since professional persons in every trade differ from the Athenians of old in not liking any new thing.

A policeman's life, the poet tells us, is not a happy one, but he has opportunities of indulging in noble sentiments which are not given to everybody. A Cricklewood constable has lately taken advantage of this, and thereby recommended himself to every lover of humanity and poetic justice. He met with a cöster driving a donkey exhausted with fatigue and covered with sores, and made the man unharness the poor animal and drag the cart himself to the nearest police station. No doubt people will be found to say he "exceeded his duty"; there are judges—but not good ones—who pique themselves on administering the law, and are cautious not to strain it, at all events, on the side of justice and good feeling: an Eastern Cadi, with his rough and ready methods of doing right, knows his business better than they do. This excellent policeman cannot, I suppose, be elevated to the Bench: it would be too great a step in the way of promotion; but something better than a good mark in an office-book ought certainly to be given to him.

The ways of the Circumlocution Office are not, it is understood, confined to the subject of patents, but are even whispered, by those who are forbidden by the regulations of the service to speak aloud, to prevail in the War Department. One of these gentlemen has even ventured to issue a very interesting report on "Red Tape and Rat Traps," that happily illustrates the way in which business including army clothing is carried on at the War Office—

Within 1000 miles of P— was a store in which a large quantity of military clothing was kept, pending emergencies; and to keep down the rats there was a cat, for which a small subsistence allowance was drawn monthly. Retrenchment, however, was the order of the day, and the officer in charge was directed to indent for "Traps, rat; wire, galvanised, Mark I," in the proportion of one to every hundred suits of clothing.

The number of traps, according to the above proportion, was found to be 19.3, and accordingly 20 traps were demanded.

The indent came back with one trap disallowed, but by way of consolation it was stated "that fractions of a trap exceeding .5 would be considered as a whole trap."

Thereupon the officer in charge of the clothing store pointed out that the odd 33 suits of clothing would be at the mercy of the rats, but without avail.

The 19 traps duly arrived, and a return, "Army Form, X 1063," was ordered to be submitted monthly.

The return in question was arranged in birdcage form, and was a masterpiece of its kind, showing at a glance the amount of clothing in store, the cubic measurements of each room, the number of traps on hand, and the number of rats caught each day. Mice were to be shown under "Remarks." The percentage of rats caught to suits of clothing and of rats to traps was to be marginally noted.

As it was feared that the officer in charge of the clothing store might endeavour to take credit for mice as rats, the measurements of the animals caught were ordered to be inserted, and the officer in charge was authorised to demand "a suitable service measuring-rod for the purpose."

The monthly returns showed several suits of clothing destroyed by rats.

None but men of superior intelligence were to be permitted to touch the traps, and a warrant officer was to be struck off duty and detailed to instruct them. A return was to be submitted monthly, showing the number of men instructed.

In selecting the warrant officer the claims of a man who had caught bandicoots in India were ignored, and the opportunity of infusing fresh blood into this important service was neglected.

The grievance was duly aired in a weekly contemporary. The authorities were reluctantly compelled to admit "that the traps had not answered their expectations, and that there appeared to be no fault either in the traps themselves or the setting," and inquired incidentally what bait was used.

The officer in charge of the clothing store pointed out that no allowance was made for bait in the regulations, and that he could not be expected to provide it out of his own pocket.

In the end the cat was reintroduced into the service, and was "to be strictly adhered to for the purpose of catching rats." The traps were ordered to be retained "for instructional purposes only."

It was only the other day that we had to congratulate the United States upon having the most juvenile surgeon in the world. Clergymen do not seem to "rule," as they say in the City, quite so young there; but ten years old is not an advanced age for divines. The Rev. Henry Banta (not Banter, as one would think), of North Carolina, was converted at nine and ordained pastor at eleven, and "his ministry," we are told, "is very successful." He is even described as "a powerful preacher," though, "from his appearance, he would never give the idea of holding a position of authority in a vast congregation." This one can imagine; and, indeed, if he occupies an ordinary pulpit, one wonders how he puts in an appearance at all. We have had boy bishops in the Old World, and even juvenile clergymen. Fénelon distinguished himself so much at the college of Cambray that he was permitted to hold forth at the age of fifteen, and we read that his first sermon had an extraordinary success; the same is recorded of Bossuet; but Master Banta is only twelve, so may be said (if the language of sport can be applied to such a subject) to have gone three better.

The Rev. Master Banta is not, probably, affected with bashfulness. He would have little sympathy with a divine who has lately died, one is sorry to read, in a Welsh workhouse, a martyr to shyness. He was ordained when a young man, but was so painfully shy that he could never prevail upon himself to read the service—not the marriage service, which has some uncompromising paragraphs, but any service. To speak in public is as alarming to me as tiger-hunting: the whirling head, the shaking knees, the misty sight, and a complete absence

of anything to say are its ordinary concomitants; but I think I could give a reading for a charitable object—that is, if I were well paid for it. The poor fellow in question, however, was not equal even to this. Some good folks made a subscription for him which would have enabled him to live in retirement—the aspiration of his life—but he preferred the workhouse. Now he is gone where he will find, let us hope, someone to speak for him. It is to my mind a pathetic story.

Modesty, it would seem, has been ever an attribute of the divines. Sydney Smith, we know, notwithstanding that he dined out occasionally, was accustomed to crumble his bread on one side of him in consequence of this weakness, and when at the same table with the Archbishop of Canterbury crumbled it on both sides. The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, the author of the "Self-Interpreting Bible," was so shy that his courtship lasted seven years before he could muster courage to make his proposal. At last he screwed himself up to it. "Janet," he said one day as they sat in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now six years an' mair, and I've ne'er gotten a kiss yet. D'ye think I might take one, my bonnie lass?" "Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper wi' it." "Surely, Janet; we'll ask a blessing." The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, perfectly overpowered with the blissful sensation, most rapturously exclaimed, "Heigh! lass, but it is gude." At the same time, some clergymen are reported to have had very little patience with this weakness when manifested by their flock. Mr. Haldane tells us that he was once present in a Highland parish church on a sacramental occasion when there was a pause, and the people—presumably through shyness—seemed indisposed to approach the tables. On a sudden he heard the crack of a stick, and looking round, a cudgel descended upon the bald head of a man near him. It was the method adopted by the ruling Elders to overcome the bashfulness of their flock, or, as it would seem more appropriate to call it, their herd.

Among other observations on the vexed question of reviewing, "a literary reviewer" remarks that "it does not pay to carry out the ideal of reading a large number of books for no purpose beyond the purely negative one of ascertaining that they are not worth reviewing." In other words, books presumably of little or no merit, or even that are "not issued by well-known publishers," should be neglected altogether. This seems a hard and selfish conclusion to be arrived at by anyone calling himself a man of letters. It is wearisome, no doubt, to wade through a dung-heap for a few heads of asparagus; but it is not always so bad as that, and the duty and privilege of an editor is to discover excellence in unpromising places. As in a well-known case, unconnected with literature, it is the one-hundredth manuscript in the finding of which the true critic shows himself, and he should not grudge his trouble in vain over the ninety-and-nine. Moreover, it is not nearly so much trouble as it is supposed to be. The most cursory, though not an inattentive, glance of the practised eye will recognise rubbish, and that much of consideration it is only just and fair to give it. Some of the best works of modern times have been neglected through the "scamping" of an editor, and have afterwards brought grist to the mill of one who was more devoted to duty.

As stories about "smart" people begin, so they generally go on to the end: the characters are inane, and their conversation is more flippant than brilliant; the atmosphere is that of a conservatory, but heavy with scent and not with flowers; and the incidents are more or less improper. What is perhaps most offensive in the records of "smart" people is the complete absence of sympathy with poor people, and, indeed, of a knowledge of their existence. Since the novel "Under the Circumstances" begins with this class of persons, though treated with no little wit and discernment, fastidious readers may go no further with it, which would be their loss; for, hey presto! the scene suddenly changes, the clubs and boudoirs disappear, the four-in-hands and five o'clock teas vanish, and instead of the heroine having four thousand a year, she finds herself disinherited. From a moral point of view, though she resented it extremely, it was an excellent thing for Mary Dayrell, while Sir Henry Waterville, whom we had classed with the mere plungers, behaves far better than we should have given him credit for. The author's evident liking for excellent "whips" and the ladies who occupy their box-seats does not prevent him from doing full justice to his middle-class characters. Morden Carthews and Will Pentreath are two capital young fellows; their friendship is so well represented that its delineator must, one thinks, be a man, though now and then the description of Mary Dayrell is so woman-like that we assign her painter to one of her own sex. Mary, of course, became a governess, though her experience in that capacity is by no means a common one; and then again the story changes its style, and we find ourselves reading a sensation novel. Mrs. Pung and Mr. Raymond Wilson are exaggerated and, indeed, melodramatic characters; but if the plot they engaged in is not "a good plot as ever was laid," it is greatly superior to what we have to put up with nowadays in most novels, and reminds us not a little of the dramatic intricacies of Wilkie Collins.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Samuel Woods, who has won Walthamstow for the Liberals by converting a former Conservative majority of 2353 into a Liberal majority of 279, is a son of Mr. Thomas Woods, a miner, of St. Helens, Lancashire. He was born fifty years ago, and at seven began to work at the mines where his father and grandfather toiled before him. For a number of years he worked as a miner, but all this time went on improving his education in his leisure moments. At twenty-nine he was elected check-weigher at the Park Lane Collieries by his fellow-workmen, and in 1881 was chosen to be Miners' Agent to the Ashton and Haydock Miners' Association. He has since held office as a member of the Ashton Local Board, President of the Lancashire Miners' Federation, and Secretary to the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress. Mr. Woods is not new to Parliamentary life, for he sat for the Ince Division of South-West Lancashire for three years from 1892, but lost his seat in the general eclipse of his party in 1895.

Dr. James Ellison, who died last week, had been for close on forty-six years surgeon and apothecary to the Queen's Household at Windsor. At the time of his death he was in his eightieth year, but the duties of his position had for some time past been lightened by the assistance of his son, Dr. William Ellison. It is interesting to note the frequent succession of father by son in the service of the royal family, another illustration of which is afforded by the Ellison family, for Canon Ellison was succeeded in the Vicarage of Windsor by his son. Dr. James Ellison was very popular in Windsor and the neighbourhood, and his private practice must at one time have been a large one, but he found time to take part in the municipal life of Windsor, and was a well-known citizen generally.

Weymouth has lost a loyal citizen and beneficent friend by the death of Sir Henry Edwards, who died on Thursday last, after a lingering illness of some months. Sir Henry was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Edwards, of Somerton, Somersetshire, but was by birth a Londoner. Born in 1820, he spent the best years of his life as a London merchant, and in 1863 became a magistrate for Middlesex. A year later he was appointed Deputy-Lieutenant for the Tower Hamlets. His first attempt to secure a seat in Parliament was unsuccessful, but in 1867 Weymouth made amends for her rejection of him two years earlier, and for the next eighteen years he represented that borough in the Liberal interest, only losing his seat at the end of that time by the merging of his constituency in that of South Dorsetshire. Sir Henry's name is writ large in the annals of the town of Weymouth, where he had the gratification of seeing a statue of himself erected by public subscription during his lifetime. The enlargement of the harbour and the construction of its outer pier, the formation of the Working Men's Club, the presentation of new church bells, and many other acts of generosity made him a general favourite, and will long preserve his memory. For the last twenty-one years an annual dinner to the aged poor of the borough has been given at his expense, and even this bounty will not cease with his death, for it was endowed by his generosity, so that it might remain a local institution.

The Imperial Government has lost an able servant in Sir John Bates Thurston, Governor of Fiji, who has just died at Melbourne. Sir John was born in 1836, and first served her Majesty in the Navy, but at twenty he abandoned the sailor's life for a post in the British Consulate at Fiji, and in 1867, after a year's residence in the district, became Consul for Fiji and Tonga. In 1874 he was appointed Colonial Secretary and Auditor-General for Fiji, and five years later he became Secretary to the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. From the last-named office he was promoted to be Deputy-Governor of Fiji, and was subsequently made High Commissioner and Consul-General for the Western Pacific. These posts he held continuously from 1887. Sir John's rule as Governor was very popular, for he long ago won the goodwill of the natives, who chose him to be the special adviser of their king and chiefs in the conference with her Majesty's Commissions on the Cession of Fiji.

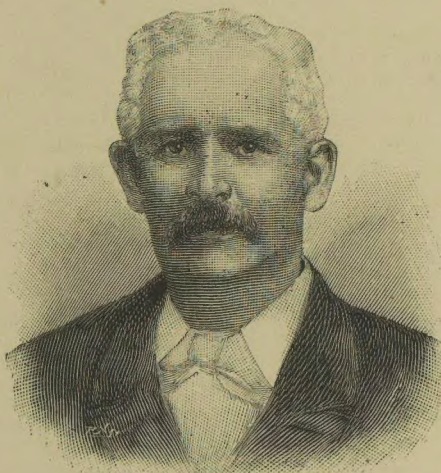
Mr. Gladstone is more than dissatisfied with the Pope. He says the Papal Bull on the Anglican orders is sadly wanting in "forethought, courage, and prudence." This is only a preliminary expression of Mr. Gladstone's displeasure. He intimates that a Gladstonian Bull is in preparation, and we may expect a whole volume of subtle reasoning and fervid advocacy. It ought to make nice light reading for the Curates' Union, but any impression on the Pope's mind is not, we fear, to be counted upon.

It is not true that Lord Rosebery is on his way to Australia, disguised as "Mr. Primrose." The ex-Premier is in Italy, and proposes to return to town in April, when he will presumably resume his seat in the House of Lords as a disinterested critic of Lord Kimberley's leadership of the Opposition Peers. The breach between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt is irreparable, and its effect on the general attitude of the Opposition will be watched with interest. It has not escaped attention that Mr. Munro

Ferguson and Mr. William McArthur, both friends of Lord Rosebery's, took the opportunity of detaching themselves from Sir William Harcourt's leadership in the debate and division on the Dongola Expedition.

The ghost of Queen Elizabeth has appeared to Lieutenant St. Leger Glyn, of the Guards. This gallant officer happened to be in the library of Windsor Castle one evening, studying the "History of Dorsetshire," when he saw the figure of a woman with black lace over her head. Like Horatio addressing the ghost of Hamlet's father, the Lieutenant charged the apparition to speak. It took no notice, and disappeared through a wall. There is a tradition at Windsor about this ghost, but for some reason Queen Elizabeth is very rarely seen. Is this feminine caprice or compliance with some mysterious law which governs the coming and going of our royal spirits? The librarian of Windsor, Mr. Holmes, has spent days and nights in the library, but the Elizabethan presence is not vouchsafed to him. Why should it greet the vision of a Lieutenant deep in the "History of Dorsetshire"? Perhaps her late Majesty is troubled about something in that county, or it may be that even as a ghost Elizabeth retains her interest in handsome officers!

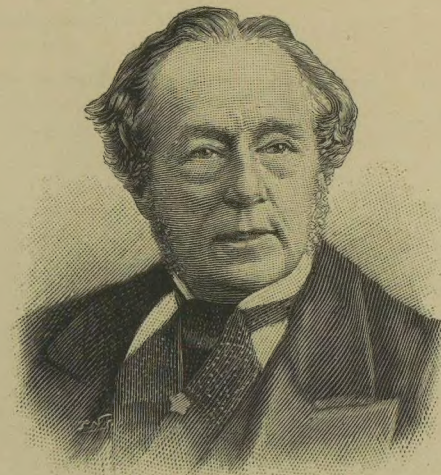
Mr. Edison says he is on the track of a discovery which will greatly extend the application of the Röntgen rays. This is a chemical apparatus to enable surgeons to diagnose the exact condition of every organ in the body. No microbe will be able to do ill by stealth and blush to find it infamy when Mr. Edison's instrument is in practical



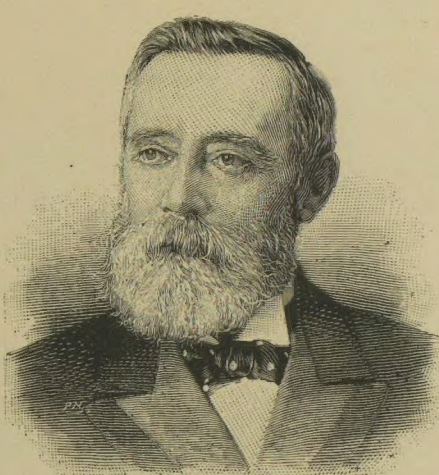
MR. S. WOODS,
M.P. for Walthamstow.



THE LATE DR. JAMES ELLISON,
Physician to the Queen's Household at Windsor.



THE LATE SIR HENRY EDWARDS,
Formerly M.P. for Weymouth.



THE LATE SIR JOHN THURSTON, K.C.M.G.,
Governor of Fiji.

working order. Our spirits are a little dashed by the remembrance of several wonders which Mr. Edison has been upon the brink of mastering, and of which nothing more has been heard. Let us hope that this time the great inventor's ambition will be amply justified.

Prince Bismarck has confided to an interviewer the secret that he is tired of life. He is losing his interest in the world's affairs. This gloom is probably temporary. It is only a few months ago that the Prince convulsed Europe with revelations which certainly showed no lack of interest in the whirligig of diplomacy. Somebody has unkindly suggested that perhaps the stock of revelations is exhausted; but Prince Bismarck is still able to keep up a flow of disinterested criticism at the expense of the present advisers of the Kaiser.

Whatever may be the fate of the personal traffic of London in reference to the motor-car, it would seem that we are on the eve of a revolution in connection with the commercial traffic of the Metropolis. Under the title of "The London Motor Van and Wagon Company, Limited," a company has started with a share capital of £300,000, of which £150,000 is to be used as working capital. The directors include H. R. Paterson, of Messrs. Carter, Paterson, and Co.; W. R. Sutton, of Messrs. Sutton and Co.—the equally well-known carriers—Colonel Lewis Vivian Loyd, and others, giving clear indications that the company means business. The directors have received favourable letters from leading firms in the Metropolis indicating the great interest taken by them in the Company's business, and it would almost seem as if in a very short time the beautiful brewers' horses and other noble animals which make so fine a contrast in the London streets to the less healthy wagon-horses of many Continental towns, will be a thing of the past.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, with the Empress Frederick as her guest, had the Duke and Duchess of York also staying with her from Tuesday, Feb. 2, to Saturday, when they came to London, but their infant children were left at Osborne. Viscount Cross has been the Minister staying at her Majesty's residence. The Empress Frederick visited the Portsmouth Sailors' Home on Monday, and inspected H.M.S. *Terrible*. The Queen removes to Windsor on Monday, Feb. 15.

With a view to the commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne by a public act of permanent beneficence on the part of the inhabitants of London, the Prince of Wales has issued a letter, dated Feb. 5, proposing a combined appeal in aid of the hospitals in the Metropolis. He points out that in the aggregate of financial accounts of these institutions, which number 122, including the Convalescent Homes, there is a deficiency of £70,000 on the side of receipts compared with their expenditure, or even £102,500, limiting the investigation to those which have actually failed to meet their expenditure of the year 1895. His Royal Highness considers that there should be an increase of £100,000 or £150,000 in the annual subscriptions. The Queen herself refrains from expressing a preference for any of the plans proposed.

The Prince of Wales on Friday evening at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, distributed certificates earned by scholars under the Technical Education Board of the London County Council. Sir Arthur Arnold, Chairman of the London County Council, presided. Addresses were delivered by Sir Henry Roscoe, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, Mr. Alderman Beachcroft and Mr. Lyulph Stanley, Sir Bernard Samuelson, and other gentlemen. The Archbishop of Canterbury was present.

The Princess of Wales on Tuesday, with Princess Victoria, opened the Trades Exhibition at Lynn Regis, Norfolk.

At a meeting held on Feb. 3 at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding, to consider the best way of celebrating the benefits obtained for children during the Queen's reign, the Duke of Fife, the Earl of Ancaster, the Marquis of Lothian, and Mr. A. J. Mundella took part in the proceedings. It was resolved that a subscription fund should be raised in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

"Shakespeare's Cliff" at Dover, the cliff west of the town in the direction of Folkestone, through which runs the South-Eastern Railway tunnel, has had a part of its seaward face shorn away by two sudden landslips, or falls of chalk, which happened first on Thursday night, Feb. 4, and again next day, scooping out a cleft nearly 200 yards wide, almost from the top to the bottom. The whole face of the cliff, which is 300 ft. high, seems to be disturbed for a length of half a mile. Its front and summit are officially declared unsafe; the Admiralty signalling-station there is removed. At Bournemouth, likewise, a portion of the East Cliff has fallen.

The Dean and Chapter of Peterborough on Saturday elected the Hon. and Right Rev. Dr. E. Carr Glyn to be the new Bishop of that see.

The Board of Trade official inquiry concerning the disaster to the steamship *Orotava*, which sank while coaling in Tilbury Dock on Dec. 14, drowning five men, has resulted in a judgment that the second engineer was somewhat to blame, as the accident was caused by certain valves being open, so that the water suddenly poured into the engine-room ballast-tank.

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, in the Chamber of Deputies on Monday, answering with guarded moderation, in precise terms, a question upon Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Friday speech in the House of Commons, stated the position of the Egyptian finances with regard to the advance made by Great Britain for the costs of the Dongola Expedition. He declared that nothing had been changed in the international situation of Egypt, which was based on the accord of the European Powers, and on repeated promises that could not be effaced; but the Soudan had always been the mirage of the desert, tempting Egypt to bankruptcy and ruin.

A formidable outbreak of renewed fighting and massacre of the Greek population of Crete has taken place at Canea, the chief town of the island; over two hundred houses in that town have been destroyed, and five thousand people have been driven out, taking refuge on board foreign vessels. British, French, Italian, and Greek war-ships have assembled at that port, and have given assistance to the hapless fugitives, provisions for their relief being sent from Malta. There are rumours that conflicts have occurred also at Retimo, at Candia, at Herakleon, and other places. The insurgents demand annexation to Greece.

The Spanish Government scheme for granting Constitutional liberties and administrative reforms to Cuba and Porto Rico and the other colonies of Spain has been completed and sent for examination to the Council of State, which will report upon it before it is submitted to the Cortes for legislative enactment. The Cuban insurgents now in arms insist upon complete independence.



GOSWELL ROAD, WINDSOR.



WATCHING THE WATER RISE BY WINDSOR BRIDGE.



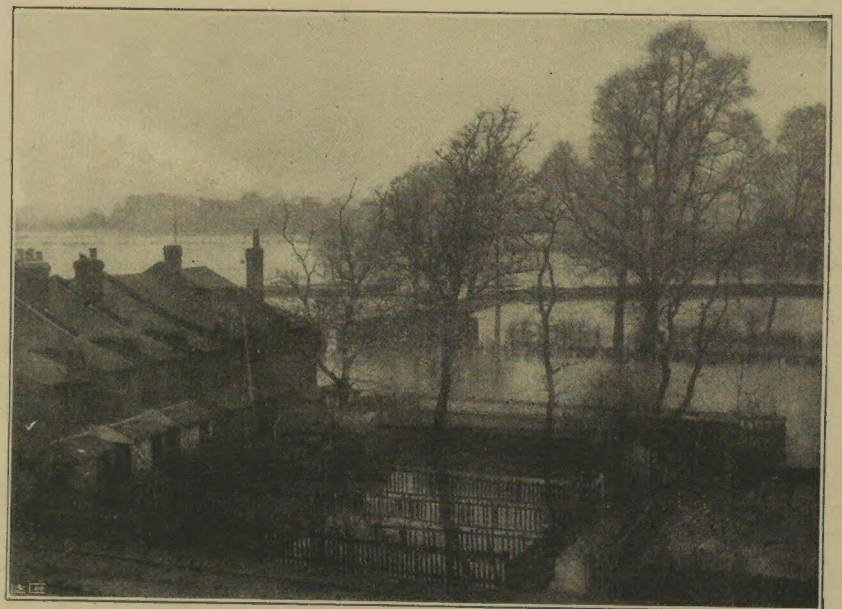
ETON PLAYING-FIELD.



ETON PLAYING-FIELD.



VIEW FROM THE OFFICE OF MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, WINDSOR.



AT THE BACK OF GOSWELL ROAD, WINDSOR.



THE BRIDGE, WINDSOR.



TAKING HOME THE WASHING.

THE THAMES IN FLOOD AT WINDSOR.

Photographs by Lascelles, Fitzroy Street.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED

BY

SIR WALTER BESANT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. G. BURGESS.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MASQUERADE.

Thus slipped away the months of August and September. Oh! the happy time! The sweet and happy time! In the evening we sang or played cards: sometimes we danced: some-

times we read: continually we talked and laughed: continually I saw in the eyes of one that look which no woman, not even the most innocent, can misunderstand; and in the eyes of the other a look of interest—I will call

it brotherly interest—with something of anxiety, which now I understand. Always we laughed and were happy. Kind Heaven gives to youth that power of happiness; but only for a short time, lest men and women should cease to bethink them of the world to come. Should not that glad time of spring warn us that there are joys of which we know not, even sweeter than the joys of love and youth?

Sometimes, but not often, we walked together in the morning. Then, as I have said before, people sometimes stared at us: hats were doffed—it becomes more and more wonderful, the more I think of it, that we did not discover the names and the rank of our friends.

London is full of places where the men amuse themselves. There are theatres, masquerades, dancing places, gardens such as those at Baginige, Vauxhall, Marylebone, Sadler's Wells, St. George's Fields, and others: there are races, fairs, taverns, clubs, coffee-houses, cock-fighting, boxing, bull-baiting, quarterstaff, wrestling, and other things. Some of these amusements—not many—are open to gentlewomen. The rest we gladly leave to men, with the drinking, rioting, fighting, and robbing that go on afterwards. We talked of these amusements, none of which had either of us seen. They proposed to show us some of them. What would we choose?

"Madam," said Sir George, "it has been our happy fortune, so far, to accept your favours. Suffer us to become still more indebted to you by accepting from us in your turn some amusement, however trifling."

"What say you, Nancy? Sir George is very kind. What would you like?"

"Should we walk in St. Paul's, or go to see the Royal Exchange?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

The brothers looked at each other doubtfully. Sir George replied, with a little hesitation, that there was little pleasure in walking about crowded streets, and being possibly followed and mobbed and stared at.

"Why should the crowd stare?" I asked.

"Because, Miss Nancy," Edward replied quickly, "they always stare at every handsome woman, and they always mob and follow her if she happens to be very handsome."

It was prettily said, and there was no answer possible. At least none occurred to me. Yet I knew very well that this was not meant.

"Should we," I said, "go to see the Court? We are told that anyone decently dressed is admitted in the afternoon? I should like to see his Majesty, if only once."

"I fear not," said Sir George quickly. "The King is old: the Court is now very quiet: it is, I am told, greatly desired to keep it quiet. Your loyalty, Miss Nancy, were better displayed by keeping away. Yet a chance may occur when I might show you St. James's."

"Then, Sir George," said my cousin, "should we not leave the choice to yourself?"

"It is a grave responsibility, Madam," he replied. "Nothing less than to make or to mar the happiness of two most amiable ladies for a whole evening. I say the evening, because at that hour there is less danger of being followed and mobbed."

This was one of a hundred indications which he gave of an unwillingness to be recognised. For my own part, I could see no reason why any young man should fear recognition, or dread being followed.

"No one will recognise you, George," said his brother, "outside St. James's Street. But, if you please, let us choose the evening. We will go where we can find company, music, dancing, and supper. Will that please you, Miss Nancy?"

"What is there, Edward?" asked Sir George.

"To-night there is a ball at Carlisle House, Soho—one of Madame Cornely's subscription balls."

Sir George shook his head. "You can afford to go there, Edward, perhaps. I cannot."

"What do you say to Vauxhall?"

"The last time I went there it was full of tallow chandlers."

"So long as they leave their tallow at home, what matter? What do you say to Ranelagh?"

"To walk round and round with a crowd of chattering women all talking about each other. Our friends, brother, would quickly tire of Ranelagh."

"Well, then, there is a grand masquerade to-morrow evening at the Marylebone Gardens."

"We could all wear dominoes, I suppose. The place could not possibly be worse than Vauxhall. It might amuse our friends to witness the amusements of the people."

We looked at each other. A masquerade! Surely this was not a form of amusement which decorum allowed to a lady.

"You have never seen a masquerade, Madam?" I suppose we both looked astonished.



Imagine our delight when we opened it!

"I have always been given to understand," my cousin replied, "that none but females who have lost respect for their reputation are ever seen there."

"I observe, Madam, with admiration, the jealousy with which City ladies regard their pleasures. It is true that after midnight these masquerades often become scenes of riot. Before that hour, they are generally amusing, and sometimes full of surprises and of vivacity. Believe me, dear Madam, we would not invite you to an orgy, any more than we would escort you to a cock-fight or a prize-fight."

"To be sure, Sir, we can trust ourselves with you. If you think that we could go—"

"I not only think you can, but I think you should, as to a sight worth seeing. Briefly, dear ladies, if you care to be present at a scene of harmless merriment and good-natured frolic, we will attend you there. I think I can promise that you will experience no other inconveniences or rudenesses than one may expect among persons all disguised." He spoke with animation, as if he was anxious that we should go.

My cousin still hesitated, thus showing that some traces yet remained of her Quaker experiences. For myself, I was now quite abandoned, and ready for any innocent pleasure that the world affords, especially in such company.

Well, after a little demur, she acquiesced. For my own part, I confess I was most curious to see a public assembly, particularly one in which everybody was in disguise.

"I am the widow of a sober merchant," said Isabel. "What would that sober merchant—himself a member of the Society of Friends—say and think if he saw his relict at a masquerade disguised and wearing a domino?"

"He would call it the enlargement of your mind, Madam. He was, no doubt, a reasonable person, although a Quaker, and has now discovered that the amusements of the world are not only innocent, but laudable. Else why were they created?—Doubtless, he now regrets that on earth he had no share in them. We might even picture," he added gravely, "the soul in Heaven regretting that it never learned to dance on earth."

It was agreed, then, that we should go to the masquerade, provided that we were not to remain after supper, when revelry would come in, and manners would go out. As for the characters we were to assume, it appeared that if we put on something, or carried something appropriate to the character assumed, or to its history, that would be enough to indicate our intention. Otherwise it might be difficult to obtain a dress such as that worn by the character assumed, or, as in the case of that chosen for myself, even impossible.

We then, sitting round the table, with great solemnity proceeded to pass in review famous women, beginning with the history of our own country and going on to other countries and even back to remote history. You would not believe, if you have not already enjoyed this experience, how difficult it is to choose a character for a masquerade, especially if your friends are jealous of your reputation. First, I remember, we thought of Queen Boadicea, but she would be useless without her chariot and her two daughters, therefore she was dismissed. How could we introduce her chariot into Marylebone Gardens? Next Fair Rosamond was proposed, but Sir George objected on account of her character: he could not bear, he said, that Miss Nancy's name should be coupled with one whose conduct might be forgiven, but could not be forgotten. The same objection was raised to the character of Jane Shore, even if I presented myself barefooted, bareheaded, in a white skirt and carrying a wax taper, doing penance. "I suppose," said Edward, "that we must not so much as mention Nell Gwynne or Lady Castlemaine?"

"Certainly not," said Sir George, colouring. "How can we even name such persons in this presence?"

"There is Anne Boleyn."

"The mother of Queen Elizabeth. But, if we choose Anne Boleyn, it would be taken as a protest against her execution. One would not choose to condemn the judgment of the King."

"There is Mary Queen of Scots."

"For private reasons," said Sir George, "I should take it as a personal honour if Miss Nancy played that part"—I knew not what he meant—"for I believe that if ever any woman was maligned Mary Queen of Scots is one. But I cannot deny that there are grave historians who believe her life to have been what her enemies pretended. Therefore we will pass over the name of Queen Mary. Miss Nancy," he spoke earnestly, "you could not take her part without interesting yourself in her history, which is, I assure you, a tangled mass of invention and lies."

Someone suggested Queen Elizabeth. "Her features," said Sir George, "were strongly marked: her eyes were piercing: her hair was red: her port was imperious. Miss Nancy, whose eyes are all gentleness and softness, and her face all maidenly sweetness, could not possibly represent that part."

What were we to do then? Where to find an illustrious woman? Observe that none of us were students of history. However, we proceeded to think of names in ancient history, of which the gentlemen seemed to know something. Most of the names proposed were strange to me. For instance, there was the name of Helen of Troy. I had read some-

where that she was the loveliest woman of her time (for which reason it would have been a pleasant piece of presumption to represent her). It now appeared that she had actually run away from her own husband. This deplorable act not only caused a ten years' war and the destruction of a noble city, but also prevented me from attending the masquerade in her character. Queen Dido, for much the same reason, as I concluded, for I knew not the history of that sovereign, was next rejected. So also were other Queens and great ladies. Zenobia, Cleopatra, Aspasia, Theodora, and others whose names and actions I have forgotten if I ever knew them, all of them, it appeared, though great in other respects, were (unless they were maligned) cracked in reputation.

"Should I go as a Vestal Virgin?"

"What!" cried Sir George. "You to go as a woman who has forsworn love? Why... Miss Nancy, you were born for love."

"We might," observed his brother, "cause her to accept a lover publicly, and so to break her vows. This would make an interesting play for the masquerade. At the same time, for a Vestal to break her vows was anciently thought to be the worst possible omen, and to be productive of the greatest national calamities." He looked strangely at his brother as he spoke.

"No Vestal Virgin, then," said Sir George. "We will avoid national calamities."

What was to be tried next? After ancient history, sacred history. It was then suggested that Deborah, Miriam, Judith, or Esther might be attempted. But I could not consent to take into a masquerade—a place containing many scoffers—women belonging to the Bible.

"Let us try the women of the poets," said my cousin. "There are the creations of Shakspeare: Portia the lawyer: the loving Cordelia: the unfortunate Ophelia: Juliet, the child of fourteen: Rosalind in the dress of a boy—"

"Nay," said Sir George impatiently—I have said that he loved not poetry—"Miss Nancy must not wear the dress of a boy. Let us leave the foolish poets and find something for her that the world will understand."

"We waste our time," said his brother. "What character can we find more fitting for Miss Nancy than Venus herself, the Goddess of Love?"

"Venus?" cried my cousin, looking up at a certain picture on her walls, "why—how in the world would you present her?"

"Nothing more easy. She will go in her ordinary white dress, in which Venus herself could not look more divine: she will have a golden belt about her waist: everybody will understand that—all the women who have been compared to Venus by their lovers; and every man who has been flogged through his Latin Grammar and his Ovid. The golden belt will proclaim her: perhaps you might add a flowing robe of muslin—say blue—to look like the old gods' heaven: and she might carry a sceptre in one hand, and a golden apple in the other. You remember, brother, that the shepherd bestowed the golden apple upon Venus as the most beautiful."

"Did he?" Sir George was not greatly concerned with mythology. "Perhaps he was right, so long as Miss Nancy was not there."

I laughed. "You are both bent on making me blush with your compliments. Let me have the golden apple, if you like; but my sceptre shall be my fan."

So that was arranged. Then came my cousin. How was she to go? "As Diana," said Edward. "Madam, as the huntress with a quiver at your back filled with arrows; a bow in your hand, and a crescent moon above your forehead, the whole world will swear that you are Diana to the life."

"Shall I be asked to shoot anyone?" asked my cousin.

"If anyone should be rude, you will turn him into a stag and hunt him. You must take care of the whole party, most dread Diana. There is one thing, however, I learned once, that gods and goddesses are jealous. Will the real Venus forgive one before whom her beauty pales? Will the real Diana burst with envy at the sight of her supplanter?"

So, after a great deal of talk, this important matter was decided.

The next morning we spent in the manner customary (say necessary) for women who are going to an entertainment where all the world will have on their best frocks. We sat together, that is, with our whole wardrobe spread out before us, and considered what we should wear in the evening. Oh! Friends, once truly Friends! Oh! Society of Friends! Oh! solemn Meeting House and silent congregation! Oh! Brother with the broad brim! Oh! Sisters with the flat straw hat and the grey stuff! Alas! How changed was this damsel, once so meek and silent, once wrapped in continual meditation upon things which she could never understand, and tortured by terrors which she could never drive away. Behold her now, full of anxiety—not about her soul—but about her frock; about her head; about the decorations of that worthless person which she had been taught to consider was already, even in comely youth, little better than dust and ashes!

"Yes, dear child," said Isabel: "the world has pleasures which draw us on. For my own part, I am certain that we were designed by Heaven always to seek after happiness. When we have settled these things of

real importance, I will prove to you by argument that we do right to be happy when we can."

While we were thus debating, Molly running up and down between kitchen and parlour, grappling with the double cares of dress and dinner, there came a messenger—Molly said he was a footman with a most splendid livery—who brought a large parcel. Imagine our delight when we opened it! First of all there was Venus's belt of gold—I did not think them in earnest about it, but they were. It was a belt of pure gold—what is called filigree gold, of the kind they make in Venice, I am told: it was open-work about three inches broad, with a buckle set with pearls: never was a more delightful belt or girdle. It fitted my waist so perfectly that it would have been miraculous had not Molly confessed to giving the measurement. With the belt was an apple, a large pippin gilt and pierced so as to admit a ribbon with which to tie it to my wrist: and, for sceptre, there was a fan—a large and beautiful fan—painted on one side with Cupids flying, Cupids shooting, Cupids lying hidden behind flowers; and in the midst Venus herself rising out of the waters. All this was meant for me. For Diana there was the bow—about three feet long and adorned with ribbons—a quiver of open silver wire twisted together, and half-a-dozen sticks, feathered and gilt, to represent the arrows of the huntress. In addition, there was a thin silver plate shaped like the crescent moon; and a fan like mine, but representing the miserable fate of Actæon when he surprised Diana bathing in the river.

"My dear," said Isabel, "these things are vanities, indeed. What would your brother say? But Nancy, they mean—what do they mean? They are rich young men. I sometimes think that they may be of higher rank than they confess. Well: for to-night let us enjoy ourselves—low rank or high rank: they are but men: and when a young man is in love speak he must ere long—or die. I say no more, my dear."

My frock was the best I had, you may be sure; of white satin over a great hoop: given to me by Isabel. I was all in white: my cousin's lace adorned my throat and my wrists: I wore a white silver chain about my neck, white gloves and white ribbons in the lofty structure of my head. Our hairdressers came at four, and finished us before six! Oh! what a day was that, spent altogether in making oneself fine! As for my cousin, she swore that she had never enjoyed such a day since she was herself a girl, and went to her first assembly at Grocers' Hall. "To dress thee, Nancy, recalls the day of my first ball before I met my Reuben and turned Quaker. That was a day! Alack! That youth should so quickly fly! Well—to-night the folk shall see Venus herself. And I know who longs to say so—but I say no more, my dear."

Our escort arrived at about seven with a coach and four horses. They brought the dominoes—oh! the pretty little black things. How saucy could one be in a domino, with no one to know her name!

"Put it on before you get into the coach," said Sir George. "Then no one will recognise you."

For themselves, they waited till we drew near the place where the crowd began to be thick, before they put on their own. They were dressed with great richness and magnificence, in crimson coats lined with white silk, flowered silk waistcoats, and gold buckles on their shoes.

Marylebone Gardens lie in the fields (which are now, I hear, mostly built over) north of Tyburn Road. The gates are opposite Marylebone Church, a neat and handsome structure. They are approached by a lane called the Marylebone Lane. Outside the gates and half-way down Marylebone Lane there was collected a crowd of people come to see the dresses and the disguises: link-boys ran along with the carriages, and the people looked in and shouted their approval or the reverse. For ourselves, we received, one is pleased to remember, a continuous roar of approbation. "They are so polite," said Sir George, "that one would almost like you to take off your domino."

For myself, as this was my first experience of the nocturnal pleasures of London, I felt a strange timidity of expectation as we entered the gates. There was already a considerable company assembling: and more arrived continually: all were walking in one direction, which we followed. The way led through an avenue of trees, lit with lamps hanging from the branches, but at rare intervals, so that at best there was but twilight in that avenue beyond the gate. Suddenly, however, we burst upon the main avenue. Then, indeed, I started with surprise and admiration. The avenue was broad and long: it had rows of beautiful trees on either side: coloured lamps hung in festoons from tree to tree: there were thousands of coloured lamps: we walked beneath these lights, the ladies' dresses showing a quick succession of varying hues: at the end there were certain erections standing out in a blaze of light. As for the company, I paid no attention to them, being wholly absorbed in admiring the beautiful lights. When we came to the end of the avenue we were in an open space, which was boarded over and already crowded with people. In a balcony covered over to keep off rain the band was playing an accompaniment softly, while a woman richly dressed was singing some song, the words of which I could not distinguish. Half the people, however, were not listening.

On the other side rose another building also filled with

light. Behind and between the trees were alcoves illuminated with coloured lamps. In these alcoves parties were already gathered over supper and bowls of punch.

"Behold our masquerade," said Sir George. "We will do what all the world does. First we will walk round the Hall, and then we will come out to see the mummers."

We followed the throng and entered, Sir George walking first, with me: and his brother following after with my cousin. I found myself in a large square room: the walls, painted a light blue, were decorated with pictures of nymphs and swans; loves and goddesses: flowers and fruit: there were also large mirrors at intervals, in which I observed that the whole company gazed as they passed. A gallery contained accommodation for a band: the floor was smooth for dancing: but to-night, the weather being fair and warm, the dancing was to be outside: round the wall were seats if any chose to rest.

"We walk round," said Sir George, "and look at each other."

All the women wore dominoes, and nearly all were in character of some kind. One in black silk and carrying a lute, was the Muse of Comedy. A Turkish Sultana in short skirts and full trousers wore a crown to mark her rank: two Greek slaves followed her, clinking their gilded fetters: Queen Elizabeth ruined her part by inattention to the points which we had considered: Dido wept perpetually—when she remembered to weep. Queens, mistresses, characters from plays and poetry followed in rapid succession. I know not how many came as Fair Rosamond—you knew her by her bowl of poison: I remember three Jane Shores, all in white, with tapers: Nell Gwynne was so great a favourite that one hopes her history was unknown: Joan of Arc was there in multitudes: as for mythology, one could not have believed that so many women understood the deities of Olympus. Nymphs of every kind: of the wood: of the stream: of the ocean: displayed their charms with liberality: all the greater goddesses were there, including at least twenty Dianas and a dozen who pretended to play the part of Venus.

They were all, I have said, in domino. The gentlemen with them were divided about equally, some being in disguise and some not; some wearing a domino and some not. I observed that the gentlemen, though they affected the finest manners possible, paying extravagant compliments to the ladies, and even walking backwards, did not possess the ease which alone can give to fine manners their charm: their studied gestures reminded me of Robert Storey: when I turned to my partner I observed at once the great difference. Yet they all took infinite pains to show their breeding, handling the snuff-box, for instance, with all the ceremony and pretence which that performance demands in the polite world. It has always seemed to me that one secret of good manners is to assume or to pretend that everything is of the greatest value and rarity—even a pinch of snuff: a glass of wine: a slice of chicken: a hat or a wig: a man's opinion: a lady's smile: a woman's face. But all this, which is charming when it is done with ease, just as a good actor will play his part so naturally as to appear not an actor at all, is ridiculous when it is clearly pretence and imitation.

My escort looked about him with an air of good-natured disdain.

"I wonder," he said, "who they are, and where they come from, and why they think it becoming to mock the manners of gentlefolk."

"How do you know that they are not gentlefolk? They are well dressed." I knew for my own part that they were playing at good manners: but I wanted to hear what he would say.

"Dress maketh not the man," he replied. "What I see is that all this parade of compliment; this making legs and brandishing hat and snuff-box, is acting—and mostly bad acting. I should like to see their real manners off the

stage of the assembly floor—in their counting-houses and their shops."

"Remember, Sir George, that I also am but the daughter. . . ."

He turned his eyes from the crowd to me. "I care not whose daughter you are, Miss Nancy. It is sufficient for me to know that you are the most beautiful woman in the world, with the finest manners and the best breeding. There is not, believe me, a single Court lady to be compared with thee." He took my hand and pressed it tenderly. The open Assembly Room of Marylebone Gardens is not the place for making love, however, so, for the moment, he said no more. And then I observed with astonishment that he wore on his breast a splendid great star, blazing with

even the name of the person it adorns. Yet so much of the Quaker remains in me that I respect the man first and his rank next.

"That Marquis of Exeter"—Sir George went back to the story which had so taken his fancy—"the one who wooed a village maiden and married her and took her to Burleigh House. He did wrongly. He should have kept her in her village all her life. It would have been happier for him to exchange his rank and dignity for the life of a simple country gentleman; and for her to live in ignorance of irksome rank with all its cares and responsibilities. Ah, Miss Nancy!" he murmured; "if it could be my happy lot to live with such a companion—so pure and sweet and innocent—untouched by the world—free from ambition, greed, or self-interest—content to love her Lord—" He stopped and sighed.

We were once more come round to the door of the assembly room, having walked round it twice or three times in such discourse as the above. At the doors, his brother, with my cousin, was waiting.

"George," his brother called him, "they are dancing on the boards outside. Come out and dance just once. Do you know,"

he whispered, "you have forgotten to take off your star? Never

mind now. Perhaps they will take it for your disguise: there is another

star among the crowd much

finer than



Sir George led me by the hand into the middle of the floor before all that multitude of eyes.

diamonds. I was not so ignorant as not to know that this badge denoted high rank.

"What," I asked, "is the meaning of this star, Sir George? You have hidden something from me, have you not?"

"Have I hidden anything from you, Nancy? Believe me, dear child, there was good reason. I will tell you what it is, if you desire to know."

"Nay, I am content to wait for your good pleasure. Tell me when you please, so long as you do not treat me as you treat these people, with a domino. Let me see your true face and read your true mind, Sir George."

I said no more, but I confess that my heart sank a little. What did I want with rank? We continued to walk round the room, the people falling back at the side. So great is the respect of the English for rank that they show respect even for the star that indicates it, not knowing

yours—the diamonds from Drury Lane, I imagine: they mark, no doubt, the rank of a merchant's rider or his accountant."

Then the Master of the Ceremonies, a very polite gentleman, came up, and with smiling obsequiousness, bowed low to the star.

"If your Lordship," he said, "will command a minuet *de la cour*: if the Queen of Love"—he recognised the emblem—"will consent to walk a minuet with your Lordship—"

"If fair Venus condescends." Sir George led me by the hand into the middle of the floor before all that multitude of eyes. I knew that they were asking each other to whom the star belonged and who was the lady his partner. I knew that they were expecting to witness the manner and style of the dance as practised in the highest circles. Alas! my dancing mistress was but the daughter of one

City merchant and the widow of another; my style was that of the City assembly.

The band struck up the first bars. The dance began. I have reason to remember that dance because it was the first and the last dance that I ever performed in a public place.

You have seen how I sometimes danced with Sir George at home. I therefore knew, at least, his style, and had borrowed something, perhaps, of his dignity. He moved, indeed, through the dance with a courtliness and an authority quite in keeping with the spirit of the dance, which is intended, as some say, to indicate the true position of our sex, and to show how we should be treated with the greatest possible honour and respect, if only to make us endeavour after the virtues which the men attribute to us. Others there are who see in the minutest progress of a courtly amour. The whole company stood round and looked on while we two alone occupied the floor: and probably on account of the star, they all applauded loudly when we finished. Then we retired, and they made a lane to let us pass.

"Nancy," said my cousin, "we are proud of you. Everybody was charmed."

"No one so much charmed as her partner," said Sir George.

Then the masques ran over the floor and seized it, so to speak; and some began to dance—the music playing a noisy tune—in country dances, while others ran about making jokes and rough play. For half a dozen would get together and act something that belonged to their characters: there were clowns and French Pierrots all in white; there were dancing harlequins; there were sailors in petticoats dancing hornpipes; there were shepherds and shepherdesses with crooks and ribbons; there were negroes: there were milkmaids; there were queens without dignity; and judges without authority: there were devils who caused no fear; in short, it was a scene of pure merriment and of simple frolic, so far, without apparent rudeness or license. As we stood aloof, yet were the object of much attention, some of the mummery came out and ventured to pray to me as to a goddess.

"Fair Venus," cried one, "soften the heart of my mistress or I die"; or, "Great Goddess! incline my mistress's heart," and so forth. One brought a censor, such as they use in Roman Catholic churches, and swung it before me.

"Come," said Sir George, "we shall presently have too much of this, Brother, let us to supper."

In one of the alcoves we found waiting for us some partridges, with a salad and a bottle of Lisbon; and, after the Lisbon, a bowl of punch.

From our supper-table we could look out upon the revellers capering and acting and laughing on the dancing-stage. Now while we sat there, the gentlemen over their punch, I was surprised to see under the trees before our alcove Dr. Mynterchamber himself. What was he doing in this place, at his age? He had three or four gentlemen with him. They were all masked, but I knew the Doctor by his long lean figure and by the old brown coat which he wore, frayed and threadbare. What was the Doctor doing in the Gardens? Why did he and his friends keep looking into our alcove? Why did they stand outside waiting, while all the other people walked about? The sight of that old hawk made me uneasy, I knew not why.

Then I observed another strange thing. Under the trees in a place not illuminated, I discerned, having eyes both strong and quick, two figures familiar to me. Presently I made out that they were Captain Sellinger and Corporal Bates. Strange! The Captain at the Gardens in company with a Corporal! Was he drunk? No; he stood upright, a cane in his hand, without the support of anyone. What were they doing?

About half-past eleven, when the music was at its loudest, the mummery at the merriest, and queens, goddesses, nymphs, and heroines were all jumping about like Blowsabella of the Village Green: when from the alcoves near us men were bawling songs, whose words, happily, were lost to us, we rose to go, sorry to leave the scene of so much mirth, yet anxious not to witness the scenes of disorder which take place later. Many ladies were directing their steps towards the gates at the same time and for the same reason.

When we stood outside the alcove, just before we started, the Doctor and his friends moved forward. With what object I know not. At that moment Captain Sellinger stepped out of the shade followed by the Corporal. They marched straight to the place where we were standing: and there they stood beside us, but facing the Doctor and his party.

No one seemed to notice this movement except myself. We then walked along the avenue of trees, Sir George leading me, and Edward my cousin. Behind us, but at some distance, walked the Captain and the Corporal; behind them the Doctor and his party.

When we reached the gates and got into the coach, I looked again. Just within the gates stood the Captain barring the way. And the Doctor and his party stood irresolute. For some reason or other I felt sure that they were baffled, and for no reason at all I connected their proposed action with the gallant youth who held my hand in the coach.

(To be continued.)

The Rev. W. J. Temple, Boswell's correspondent, was, it appears, the grandfather of the present Archbishop of Canterbury.

The receipts of the East London Church Fund for the past year amounted to £18,266, being about £500 more than last year.

Are we to have a Debrett for the "untitled aristocracy"? The recent controversy about coats of arms has provoked one citizen to complain that he and others with blue blood in their veins, but no handles to their names, are lumped together with the "middle classes." A new Debrett might redress this grievance by disentangling the "plain misters" of ancient lineage from the plainer "misters" who do not know their own grandsires. Here, indeed, there seems to be a great opening for an enterprising publisher.

CONCERNING EELS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

The general public dearly loves a mystery. Yet the Great Eel Mystery has never attracted the attention it deserves from the prodigal pens of newspaper-writers. Ever since natural history has been studied at all, everybody in the least degree interested in eels wanted badly to know where eels came from. The familiar parsley-bed solution of the problem seemed the only tenable one. Eels, it is true, are common objects of the country, and also of the seashore; but nobody ever saw an eel's egg, nor found a female eel with roe, nor in any way discovered the faintest hint of where or how young eels began their being. Every year vast quantities of little wriggling fry, known as elvers, swarm up the mouths of our rivers from the sea; they come, as the working man is always being invited to do, "in their millions"—literally millions—choking and impeding the streams they enter. They overcome all obstacles; they worm their way up weirs, walls, and flood-gates; they divide into brigades at the junction of each tributary, and subdivide again into minor battalions at each brook or ditch or runnel or drain-pipe. Nothing seems to daunt their slimy ardour. They appear to sniff out ponds and lakes from afar, for they will even travel over dry land to distant and isolated sheets of water. These curious immigrations are known as eel-fairs, or, more properly, eel-fares, because the young eels then fare up stream; but the ancient word has been slowly corrupted into the name now applied to the individual fish, elvers. Yet nobody ever saw a really mature eel; and nobody can distinguish males from females except by purely microscopic differences. All that was known about their origin till lately was this—that some, but not all, full-grown eels migrate seaward every winter, though many of them remain in their fresh-water home throughout the year, never seeming to seek their native ocean. Where or when they spawned formed the Great Eel Mystery.

Again, another mystery, almost as puzzling in its way as that of the eels, was the Mystery of the Leptocephali. If this strange thing had occurred in a haunted house near Berkeley Square, instead of in mid-Atlantic, all London would have discussed it. Instead of that, nobody but the ichthyologists ever took the faintest notice of the curious problem. Yet the Leptocephali are a very enigmatic group of animals. They are small, flat, narrow, transparent fish—band-shaped, in fact, like a pellucid ribbon—and they are remarkable for having hardly any head, with no bones to speak of. In short, they are as gelatinous and cartilaginous as it is easy for a respectable fish to be; in addition to which they are apparently sexless. These singular, colourless, and problematical creatures are found floating in thousands near the surface of the sea, usually at great distances from land; and they appear to be generally engaged in doing nothing, their movements being always slow and languid. They have aroused a great deal of discussion among scientific men, the most authoritative opinion till lately being that accepted by

without ever attaining mature characters. One might compare them, on this hypothesis, with small-headed idiots.

It was Professor Grassi of Rome who first solved these two great mysteries, by rolling them into one, and using the first to explain the second. By long and patient observations he showed that eels do breed, and that Leptocephali are the first stage—the tadpoles, so to speak—in the development of elvers. The eels that are caught in our rivers and ponds are often large, very large; but in spite of that they are never quite mature; they cannot attain maturity in fresh water. When they migrate seaward, however, they hide themselves in the very depths of the ocean hollows, and there grow up into perfect males and females. They spawn in the deep sea; and their eggs hatch out into Leptocephali. These gelatinous young fish



Photo E. J. Jones, Philadelphia.

THE STRANGE ROAD ACCIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA: THE HOLE INTO WHICH THE TRAVELLERS FELL.

then grow for a certain time in their small-headed, transparent, bloodless way; but, at last, like a caterpillar which is changing into a chrysalis, they cease all at once to eat, and change somewhat rapidly into the quite unlike shape of the young elvers. Then they make for land, run along the seacoast, turn up the first river whose mouth they come to, and proceed in swarms and shoals to take possession of the main stream and its various tributaries. Getting devoured as they go, a miserable remnant, escaping the perch and pike and other rapacious enemies, grow up in time to be eels as we know them. The conger, which is a closely related marine form, also springs from a Leptocephalus, whose connection with the genus was recognised somewhat earlier than that of the fresh-water eel, though it was supposed that this particular ribbon-fish represented an abnormal condition of the young, not its natural larval appearance. Yet, strange as this history sounds at first hearing, it is not stranger, after all, than that of the frog, which begins life as a gill-bearing, limbless fish, and ends it as an air-breathing, four-legged, terrestrial animal; nor than that of the caterpillar, which begins life as a crawling worm, and ends it as a beautiful flying insect.

THE STRANGE ROAD ACCIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

An accident, so unique in its character, and at the same time so sad, as to make it an incident of general interest, occurred on Jan. 25 just outside of Shamokin, a mining town in the interior of the State of Pennsylvania. Frederick Graeber and his fiancée, Miss Maude Ione, were driving over a delightful stretch of macadam road just outside the city, returning from a supper party at a mountain hotel, where they had gone to talk over the arrangements for their approaching wedding, when suddenly the earth opened beneath them, and the pair, with their horses and buggy, were swallowed up. The young woman was buried alive and the man frightfully mangled. Both horses were killed, and the carriage broken into splinters. Graeber lay half-conscious in the intense cold for twelve hours before he was rescued by a party of searchers, and although he is still alive as this is written (Jan. 29), it is feared he cannot recover from his injuries and the effects of the exposure.

The accident is explained by the statement that the road crossed the site of an abandoned coal-mine, the roof of which had gradually crumbled away until nothing remained but the shell formed by the hard packed road. As the vehicle passed over this it gave way under their weight and precipitated the party into the hole. A very remarkable feature of the accident was that the opening stretched from one extreme edge of the road's limits to the other, and no further, so that it would have been impossible for them to avoid it. Both the victims of the accident are of wealthy and influential families, and the event has thrown a gloom over the society of New York and Philadelphia.



Photo E. J. Jones, Philadelphia.

THE STRANGE ROAD ACCIDENT IN PENNSYLVANIA: THE WRECKED CARRIAGE.

Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, that the Leptocephali are not a distinct group of fishes at all, nor even fish-tadpoles (so to speak), but arrested or monstrous forms of various kinds of marine fishes. According to this theory, these glassy little animals represent the spawn of different classes of shore fish, carried far out to sea by storms or currents, and there developed in an abnormal manner. They grow, said the biologists, to a certain size, under these unnatural circumstances; but their internal organs do not develop correspondingly, and they die at last



A PRETTY PURITAN.

By A. Johnson.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

The author of that delightful Anglo-Indian fiction, "The Chronicles of Dustyepore," has already shown in his "Life of Earl Canning" that he is as thorough a master of the biographer's as of the novelist's art. Sir H. S. Cunningham's new contribution to biography, a monograph on Lord Bowen, with a selection from his verses (John Murray), was originally printed for private circulation only. It is well that a wider circle of readers should be allowed to enjoy this charming volume, a memorial of affectionate and admiring friendship. Lord Bowen was eminent as a lawyer and a Judge, a most accomplished scholar, a poet whose occasional verse has always the cachet of distinction, a loyal friend, a delightful companion, lavish of a lambent wit that never wounded, a man whom all that knew him intimately both respected and loved. His later years were somewhat clouded by ill-health, but there was much of brightness in his life. At Rugby and at Oxford his career was one of the most distinguished scholarship. To this renown he added that of a formidable athlete, while his high spirits, good temper, and all that is involved in the much-abused word "geniality" made him universally popular. At Balliol he gained the friendship of Jowett; and Sir H. S. Cunningham gives interesting glimpses of some of Bowen's Oxford contemporaries who have become distinguished, among them Mr. Goschen and Mr. John Morley. Going to the Bar, he became a contributor to the *Saturday Review*. His biographer supplies what appears to be a hitherto unwritten chapter in the history of that periodical, an account of the schism (ultimately healed) when some members of the staff seceded in consequence of attacks made in its columns on such Broad Church leaders as Jowett and Arthur Stanley, of whose champions Bowen was one of the most ardent. Of his career at the Bar and as a Judge, both before and after his appointment to be a Lord Justice of Appeal, ample details are given by Sir H. S. Cunningham, who adds the testimonies to his assiduity, his acumen, and especially his judicial breadth borne by some of the most eminent of his colleagues on the Bench. When he was, after being a Lord Justice of Appeal, made a Lord of Appeal, it was hoped that his health would be improved by the comparative lightness of the duties of that elevated position. He was told by a friend that he need do nothing but concur in the judgment of his colleagues. "In that case," said Bowen, "I had better take the title of Lord Concurry"! He lived little more than a twelvemonth to enjoy his new dignity, and death came to him when he was only in his sixtieth year. While discharging some of his most trying judicial functions, he found time to execute a translation into English verse of Virgil's "Eclogues" and the first six books of the "Æneid." Whatever may be thought of the metre which he selected, his version was in many respects masterly. Probably it procured him what has been called the "blue riband of Literature," an elective trusteeship of the British Museum. That this distinction was conferred on Lord Bowen seems to have escaped the notice of Sir H. S. Cunningham in his admirable and exhaustive monograph.

Dr. Moore is well known as the chief exponent in this country of the scientific study of Dante. The branch that he has more especially made his own is textual criticism—the investigation of the text with a view to establishing the correct reading among the great variety shown by the five hundred manuscripts or so which we possess. In itself, this study is perhaps interesting only to experts; but with a vast subject like Dante, it is practically impossible to isolate it. The preference for one reading over another must often be decided by considerations wholly unconnected with paleography. One of the most important aids to a correct decision in a case of doubtful reading is to ascertain the influence under which the passage was written. In the Middle Ages this was very apt to be the reminiscence, more or less precise, of a passage in some earlier writer. As Dr. Moore in his recently published *Studies in Dante* (Clarendon Press) points out, the idea of "plagiarism" is comparatively modern. Even to publish your own compositions under the name of some famous man was not unheard of; and no one had any more scruple about annexing the expression of a thought or taking a quotation at second hand than the writer of a work on geometry would now have about borrowing a demonstration from Euclid. The investigation of the text has thus led Dr. Moore into a line of study pre-eminently interesting to the student of letters proper; for few things can be more attractive than to trace the course of reading which moulded the mind of one of the greatest figures in the world's literature—one, too, who has done, perhaps, as much as any to mould not only the later literature of his own country, but that of Europe generally, and, strangely enough, our own to a very large extent. That Chaucer was well read in Dante is perhaps natural; but that Milton, in an age when Dante was quite out of fashion in Italy, should have saturated himself with him, as we can hardly doubt that he did, is a remarkable evidence of the way in which deep calls to deep. This, however, is beside the present subject. Even those who are not prepared to follow Dr. Moore through the discussion of the passages which he has selected for fuller treatment out of the 1500 or so which he has collected as having been more or less directly borrowed by Dante from Scripture, from Aristotle, Virgil, and other classical authors, will read his opening essay, in which he touches incidentally upon every point, quaint blunders of old commentators, curious symbolisms—his explanation of the part played by Statius is very suggestive, almost convincing—and the like. The book is a most valuable contribution to the study of Dante.

A book to linger over with impatience only when the last page is reached is *The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd* (the first Lady Stanley of Alderley): Recorded in Letters of a Hundred Years Ago, from 1776 to 1796. Collected and Edited by J. H. Adeane. (Longmans.) She was the daughter of John Baker Holroyd, better known to

us as the Lord Sheffield who was Gibbon's intimate friend, and recent research among the historian's papers shows that Miss Holroyd aided her father in the skilful weaving of Gibbon's incomparable Memoir out of the half-dozen rough drafts left behind at his death. This fact whetted the appetite to know more about the accomplished woman, whose letters now reveal a singularly gifted nature, broadened by reading, observation, and travel—domesticated withal, since, "blue" as she might be, she was not above the darning of stockings. The letters which passed between her and her father's sister, Aunt "Serena," make up the bulk of this fascinating volume. Among the miscellaneous correspondence are two letters from Gibbon, which were originally printed in the "Miscellaneous Works" of the historian, edited by Lord Sheffield. But the second letter, which was then mutilated, now appears *in extenso*. Miss Holroyd won praise from Gibbon as one "endowed with every gift of nature and fortune." He tells her: "There is none whom your correspondence would not amuse and satisfy." The references to the famous man are numerous: his visits to Sheffield Place, his entertainment of Lord Sheffield and his family at Lausanne—these give us further glimpses of him, and in Miss Holroyd's visit to Paris, in July 1791, a month after the recapture of the King and Queen on their attempted flight, we get a valuable hint or two concerning Gibbon's opinions on the momentous events of that time. A batch of distinguished *émigrés* found shelter under Lord Sheffield's roof, and hence there are in the letters vivid touches of the "Crazy Paris" whence they fled. Vivid, too, are the descriptions of the "humours of the Town." Miss Holroyd tells her aunt that she "is no rake"; and while we hear of her evenings at Sadler's Wells, and her longing to see Mrs. Siddons, we hear more of the books she loves—Plutarch's "Lives" and Johnson's "Poets"; of the harpsichord she is learning; of her zest for the country, with its "Ploughed Fields and Dirty Lanes" (she is as lavish in the use of capitals as was "Old Fitz"); of the shirts she is "cutting out for Papa," and the "gown in spots, which will not be finished for a year or two." But we must refrain from further comment or quotation. The letters end in the year of Miss Holroyd's marriage to Mr. John Stanley, afterwards the first Lord Stanley of Alderley.

M. Zola's *Rome* (Chatto and Windus) is less a novel, and an infinitely less charming novel, than "Transformation," while it cannot fairly be described as but an elaborate and discursive "Murray." It is most like a colossal newspaper with numberless leaders on the Catholic Church generally, and on the Papacy in particular, with endless columns of special correspondence from a brilliant Roman contributor, with a light and slight *feuilleton*, and with a single but much displayed advertisement. An Abbé, whom Lourdes has disillusioned of Rome as it is, writes a book to suggest her return to her early Christian communistic ideal, which is promptly put on the Index. He hurries to Rome to procure an interview with the Pope, whose own inmost mind he believes that his book expresses; and there he is taken in hand by Jesuitical prelates who break down his enthusiasm, as a brutal trainer would break the spirit of a young colt that kicks over the traces. Doré's great painting, "The Neophyte," where the despair of the young monk at finding himself shut in for life with a herd of sensualists looks out at you so forlornly, expresses precisely at once the mode and the depth of the Abbé's disenchantment. Taking all due discount off the descriptions of M. Zola as those of a man who was himself baffled of his audience with the Pope by his Jesuitical *entourage*, enough remains to suggest that the diplomacy of other Courts is infantile in its naïveté as compared with the diplomacy of Rome. At the same time, it must be admitted that the Abbé was sanguine to expect that the world could breathe a purely spiritual atmosphere any more than it could live spiritually in a purely materialistic atmosphere.

Mr. J. H. Pearce's *Eli's Daughter* (Heinemann) is delightful in everything except in its dreary close. Never did we more regret the unfortunate fashion which prescribes to-day a pessimistic ending to every novel than upon closing this fine Cornish tale, which opens with all the freshness and fragrance of a May morning, to set in dim and disastrous eclipse—

As high as we have mounted in delight,
In our dejection do we sink as low.

If, however, the close of "Eli's Daughter" conforms to the dismal fashion of the day, nothing less pessimistic than its idyllic love passages can be imagined. No one looks to find now in a novel what used to be almost its *raison d'être*—sweet, pure, and simple love-making—but the love-making in "Eli's Daughter" is "silly sooth, and dallies with the innocence of love like the old age." The courtship of Hal and Dewence is, in fact, as perfect in its charming naturalness as anything of the kind in fiction; and it seems a piece of mischief as wanton as a child's destruction of his toys to make Dewence marry a man who was faithless to her, and Hal a woman of easy virtue. It was a mistake, too, to shut both Dewence's suitors up in jail for similar crimes. If the author was bent on wrecking all the lives in which he interests us so deeply, he should have made them go to pieces on different rocks; whereas he makes both Hal's and Dewence's married unhappiness spring from the same source, and sends both Hal and his successful rival into penal servitude for similar crimes of unpremeditated violence. These are the sole faults which the most captious can find with the story. All the characters—but especially that of Eli—are so natural and living that they seem to grow under our eyes, the scenes and the scenery of a Cornish fishing and mining village are reproduced with a photographic fidelity, while the incidents, whether Arcadian or melodramatic, are absolutely realistic in the best sense of the much-abused word.

We have Biblical authority for life being the blood—"the life which is the blood thereof"—and we have medical authority for the beneficial effects of transfusion of blood from the veins of one animal into those of another of

kindred species. The species must be kindred, however, since the transfusion, for instance, of a sheep's blood into the veins of a cat is fatal. In Miss Mathers' last novel, *The Juggler and the Soul* (Skeffington and Son), life is so to say, decanted with the blood from the veins of a villain into those of a hero, with a moral effect as fatal as the physical effect of an analogous transfusion of the blood of a tiger into the veins of a lamb. It will be seen that the task Miss Mathers has set herself of making credible to us this double miracle—of the transfusion not of the life only but of the soul through the blood—is an extremely difficult one; and it is much to the credit of her practised powers that she has made the story as interesting as it is. Its real hero is the narrator, a bachelor of forty, who cannot bring himself to believe that his love for his ward—a young girl in her teens—is returned. She does all she can consistent with her charming maidenliness to suggest its return, but in vain. He insists, to his own despair and to hers, on her marriage to his young relative, Arthur, who, however, has a rival that does not scruple to murder him by opening a vein in his arm after he had drugged him into insensibility. Before the body of the murdered man is cold, his murderer is seized, chloroformed, and while in that state has not his life only but his character transfused through his blood into the depleted veins of his victim. The Arthur, therefore, whom Ninga is persuaded to marry, is really but the foul spirit of her abhorred suitor, Jasper, in Arthur's body. It is certainly an ingenious complication, and we must allow our readers to find for themselves the way out of the maze.

Under the title of *Pioneers of Evolution, from Thales to Huxley* (Grant Richards), Mr. Edward Clodd, the well-known authority on folk-lore, has added yet another volume to the already extensive literature on Evolution. The book bears a resemblance, not only in title, but in substance also, to Professor Osborn's "From the Greeks to Darwin," but Mr. Clodd treats the history of the theory of Evolution in a less technical and perhaps with a more anti-theological bias than the American Professor. A long intermediate chapter is devoted to the persistent hostility of the Church to all forms of scientific research, and to this hostility Mr. Clodd attributes the arrest of the evolutionary movement for over eighteen hundred years. Several Greeks and some Latins, especially Lucretius, had arrived at many of the views now held concerning the origin of the earth and its inhabitants; but perhaps Mr. Clodd forgets too often that he reads and interprets their general statements in the light of modern research. At best, they only saw through a glass, and very dimly; and were their theories uttered to-day and given to the world for the first time, they would pass unheeded because they were not accompanied by marshalled battalions of facts to support them, which are necessary nowadays if a theory is to receive attention. Latter-day Evolutionists—Darwin, Huxley, Wallace and Spencer—receive very full treatment, and their contributions towards the advancement of the theory of Evolution are clearly and justly appraised. The fine portraits given of these four great scientists largely enhance the value of the book. Many readers, however, will take a decided objection to the anti-theological bias with which Mr. Clodd has written.

The relative value of public and professional opinion in determining an artist's position is a question which time alone can decide. Painters whom the Royal Academy refused to recognise have become popular favourites; whilst numerous Academicians have either sunk into oblivion or their works survive only to provoke astonishment. In our own days we have seen more than one instance of the dissent of the art-judge from the verdict of the public, and we may confidently look forward to the over-ruling of that dissent when time has outlived prejudice. This question is raised very pertinently by a recent publication, *The Works of Charles Burton Barber, illustrated with Forty-one Plates*. (Cassell and Co.) It was Burton Barber's good luck to hit the public taste, but his name was never even discussed among the candidates for Associateship. Possibly, even probably, in the first instance, he owed his popularity to his choice of subjects—children and dogs—and although his success (which, if we mistake not, grew out of his "Once Bit, Twice Shy") forced him later on into the uncongenial business of "manufacturing pictures for the market," it was easy to trace in his truthful and masterly painting of collies and fox-terriers how thoroughly he sympathised with the human side of their characters. By a curious contradiction of fate, Burton Barber wished to paint stags. He loved the Highlands, and had spent many of his years of waiting in mountain solitudes amid the mist and storms. Unfortunately, Landseer had preceded him, and, rightly or wrongly, the picture-dealers were convinced that no one could "bend the bow of Ulysses." Burton Barber had passed through the Academy schools not without distinction, and had shown a special aptitude in painting animals. He had his way to make and a public to find. For a moment it seemed that he was to become a painter of the hunting-field, for his earliest Academy picture, "First at the Fence," indicated a possible success in this line. How he was drawn to paint dogs and children and to illustrate the humanity of fox-terriers, Mr. Harry Furniss, who contributes an interesting sketch to this volume, does not tell us. At any rate, the development of his special talent was rapid, for during the last quarter of a century he was practically, but without diploma, a Dog-Painter in Ordinary to her Majesty and the Royal Family. Some of these pictures of the Queen's dogs and the Queen's grandchildren are among Burton Barber's best work; and it is on these that the value and interest of the present volume chiefly depend. His better known works have been so widely appreciated that it is as a memorial of a popular artist that one is glad to see them brought together. The pictures painted for the Queen and the Prince of Wales go further, and show that Burton Barber was endowed with far greater versatility than the world at large imagined, and that as a painter of animals—especially of dogs—he had few rivals among his contemporaries or immediate predecessors.

CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF CAPE ST. VINCENT, FEBRUARY 14.

The fourteenth day of February, St. Valentine's Day, this year brings the hundredth anniversary of one of the greatest of British naval victories and one of the most thrilling sea-fights on record, for it was on St. Valentine's Day, 1797, that Admiral Sir John Jervis, assisted by the splendid service of Commodore Nelson, completely defeated the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent. It was, indeed, a critical moment in the history of England a hundred years ago this St. Valentine's Day. Anxiety was rife throughout the kingdom. It was feared that the Spaniards would effect a junction with the French and sweep the Channel from Land's End to the South Foreland. On the morning of Feb. 13, 1797, Commodore Nelson, on the British frigate *Minerve*, which had been chased from the Bay of Gibraltar by a couple of Spanish battle-ships, and, during a foggy night, had barely got clear of the Spanish Grand Fleet, sighted the British fleet under Sir John Jervis. Nelson at once went on board the *Victory*, Admiral Jervis's flag-ship, and reported the near approach of the Spaniards. Before the day was out the British vessels had received the signal to prepare for battle. The enemy's numbers were reported to the gallant Jervis as he walked the *Victory's* quarter-deck. "There are eight sail of the line, Sir John." "Very well, Sir." "There are twenty-five sail of the line." "Very well, Sir." "There are twenty-seven sail, Sir John," and here the officer made a comment on the disparity of the two forces, for the British fleet was but fifteen sail of the line strong. "No more of that, Sir," retorted the heroic Jervis; "the die is cast, and if there were fifty sail I would go through them."

The Spanish foe, headed by Don Cordova's flag-ship the *Santissima Trinidad*, must have presented an appearance which might well have struck fear into a less dauntless heart; but, formidable as they looked, the enemy's ships proved clumsy in their formation for the fight. Jervis formed his fleet in line of battle, and with a skilful head movement cut off several of the enemy's vessels to the leeward. The British line was led by the *Culloden*, commanded by Troubridge, and as the vessel passed into the wake of the Spaniards the signal was given to tack in succession. This manœuvre has generally been considered an error of judgment on the part of Jervis, and as such it was recognised by Nelson, who determined not to heed it, and, with the instincts of a consummate seaman and the perception of a born tactician, put the helm of the *Captain* up and headed for the *Santissima Trinidad*. The mighty Spaniard was compelled to put his helm down. This gave time to Troubridge and other headmost ships to arrive. Nelson's bold and decisive manœuvre was a breach of discipline, a defiance of Jervis; but he saw what was the right thing to do, and did it. The battle of St. Vincent was really won by Nelson. There is no doubt, but for his prompt and extraordinary measure, the meeting of the fleets would have ended in little more than a futile distant cannonading.

It is no disparagement of the gallant Jervis, whose

into her one of Collingwood's most awful drenches. The Spaniard luffed, and the *San Josef* fell on board her, and first the *San Nicolas* and then the *San Josef* were boarded.

Those who are inspired by the present centenary to recall further details of this memorable victory cannot do



SIR JOHN JERVIS, RAISED TO THE PEERAGE AS EARL ST. VINCENT AFTER THE VICTORY.

better than turn to an article by Mr. Clark Russell in the February number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, from which the foregoing account is summarised.

NATURE IN FEBRUARY.

February may be described as January continued, with a little more light. For there is now a glimmer of dawn in Nature. The snowdrop is hanging its head in the presence of the flaunting crocus, primroses are putting forth their blooms under the protection of dead leaves, and fragrant violets are beginning to come to us from the more favoured South. Dormant life begins to stir. The earthworms appear, and the mole begins to work. Every genial day brings a further resurrection. The dormouse uncurls himself, and the squirrels are active. But the hedgehog sleeps on till March, and other slumberers bestir themselves later still.

The mornings are noticeably brighter, and we are awakened earlier by the chirp, chirp, chirp of the irrepressible sparrow. He is a lively, pert little fellow, but there is no denying the fact that he is decidedly mischievous. Last month he contented himself

pretty much with a toll on the stackyards, and with the crumbs from his friends, now he looks out for early buds, and actually pecks the crocuses to pieces. Next month he will go for tender shoots as well as for the buds, and later he will attack, as they come forward, blossoms, seeds, berries, pods, lettuces, young wheat and fruits. These he will vary with young beetles and caterpillars. In August he will revel in the corn-fields, and in September among the ripe juicy fruits of the orchards. Then he will have to take to the wild berries, with a salad from the gardens or the mangold-fields. Finally he will be reduced to the stackyards and the crumbs again. From this survey of his feeding it is

evident he is somewhat of an epicure, and should therefore be a toothsome morsel. There certainly need be no compunction in shooting and eating him when we consider his range and destructiveness.

The farmers are continuing their hedging and ditching, and still light up the landscapes with the gold and grey of their twitch fires. Here and there, when the weather is favourable, you may see them ploughing up the land for the reception of their spring seeds.

Towards the end of the month the robin betakes himself to the country, and commences his love-songs. Partridges may be also heard calling to their mates. The rooks return to their previous haunts, and repair their damaged nests. The starlings, too, show up at their old abodes, and the jackdaws make for the chimneys. The misselthrush comes back to us with his harbinger notes—so sweet to the ear in their freshness—and on very mild days an occasional lark soars and sings with all the charm of a new-born song, giving us promise of the good time coming. Bird-flocks begin to break up for pairing. The redwings and the fieldfares leave us for the northern pine woods. On bright days the bees begin to clear out their cells, and gather pellets of pollen from the early flowers.

Sometimes there are a few specially pleasant days in the latter part of February. Following closely on the heels of winter, they are welcomed with double appreciation, and tempt us probably into a walk or a drive along the nearest country road. But the hills are grey, the hollows purple, and the sky of a cold steely blue, while the golden darts of the sun make little impression on the mighty phalanx of cold air. The walk, therefore, must be sharp, and the drive in good wrappings, or we shall find ourselves shivering instead of in the glow we sought.

The end of the month brings peace to the hares, as far as man is concerned, for his hunting of them has to cease. Man, however, is not their only enemy. Have you ever seen a stoat kill a hare? Watching the hare feeding, you suddenly observe it crouch low, and you look round for the cause of fear. You see the long, lithe form of a stoat creeping through the grass. The hare lies lower, and still lower, till you can scarcely distinguish it. Stealthily circling round it, coming nearer and yet nearer, is the pitiless foe, till at last you see it leap on the back of its victim, and amid wild unavailing screams pierce the medulla with its long, sharp teeth. It metes out a like fate to the rabbit. The weasel carries on similar depredations, so the gamekeeper wages a remorseless war against both of these bloodthirsty creatures, and nails up their carcasses to rot on the barn door.

More lambs have appeared in the fields among the sheep and the turnips, and it is amusing to watch them



NELSON, IN THE "CAPTAIN," BOARDING THE "SAN NICOLAS" AND "SAN JOSEF."

share in the victory won him a peerage, to say that from this moment of daring disobedience Nelson stands forth as the hero of the engagement. The general course of the action is too well known to need recapitulation; but two of the illustrations which are here reproduced recall one of the most thrilling episodes in the life of the man who was destined to become England's greatest naval hero. After his bold defiance of the signal, which nothing but the success of the move could have justified, Nelson was speedily engaged with the leewardmost division. He was presently supported by the *Culloden*, but for an hour or so these two vessels were fighting the most unequal battle on record. The *Captain's* plight was little less than that of the sheer hulks, when the *Excellent* ranged up, and, passing within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, poured



THE "SAN NICOLAS" AND "SAN JOSEF" CARRIED BY BOARDING.

gambolling with all the glee of their new life. We begin to waken up, too, and watch something of the returning joy, but—

As yet the trembling year is unconfirmed,
And Winter off at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day.

T.



THE INDIAN FAMINE: NATIVE PRINCE SUPERINTENDING THE DISTRIBUTION OF GRAIN TO FAMISHED MEN EMPLOYED ON TANK-CONSTRUCTION AS PART OF THE RELIEF WORKS.

By R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One day Gounod, on entering the room of Rossini, found him thumping the piano with all his might, but drawing the most discordant noise from the instrument. "What in the name of all that is good are you playing?" asked the Frenchman. "I am trying to play that new score of Wagner's," replied the Italian. "But the score is upside down." "That's true," was the retort; "I had it the other way up at first, but couldn't make head or tail of it, so I thought I might succeed in this way."

Rossini was exceedingly malicious and biting now and then with regard to his rivals, and it is more than probable that, hearing Gounod's voice in the hall, he placed the score topsy-turvy, in order to perpetrate a joke at the expense of the German composer. Not so Johann Oppenheim, a Teutonic performer on the trombone, who the other day sued Herr Hermann, the conductor of a peripatetic band of which he had been a member, for £1—a week's wages—in lieu of notice. The case was heard at the Shoreditch County Court, and the magistrate elicited the following evidence: "When I mein monish demands," said Johann, "he [the defendant] shwears at me and say 'Go to dem Teufel!' Der Teufel is not monish, and I want gold." "And vat for I say 'Teufel,' mein Herr Lord?" replied the defendant. "Because he was betrunken and blayed zo vild that zo other gentlemen could not keep gombany." "I blayed vat was before me," objected Johann stubbornly, and stuck to his text, though it was apparently proved that his fellow-players, taking advantage of his shortsightedness and the temporary loss of his spectacles, had really placed the music upside down. Johann does not seem to have been dismayed or puzzled in the least; he maintained that he played what was on the paper. "I blayed vat I see," he repeated, and from that position he would not budge. Johann got his verdict.

Unfortunately for the amusement of the general reader there is nothing new in this world. Whatever happens has happened before. Johann, by "blaying vat was on zo paper," only did what a countryman of his, a cornet-player in a very fair London orchestra, had done before him. "Let's have that over again," requested the conductor, surprised at hearing a note which was not in the score. The note was sounded again and again. "What are you playing?" he asked at last. "I am blaying vat is on zo paper," said the cornetist; "I blay vat is before me." "Let me have a look." The cornetist handed him his part. "Why, you—idiot," roared the *chef*, "can't you see that this is a dead fly!" "I don't care," was the answer; "he was there, and I blayed him."

I know of a more curious mishap than that, which, however, only resulted in the intense stupefaction of a member of a well-known band, whose leader had a son of about twelve learning telegraphy. One day, wishing to copy the signs of the Morse system, he took the first sheet of paper within his reach, which happened to be a sheet of music paper. The lad was called away, and left it on his father's desk, where it got mixed with the parts of a new andante, and was distributed to a viola performer. The player was under the impression that the copyist had gone mad. He did not "blay vat was on zo paper."

The printer's compositor also plays what is on the paper—i.e., he sets up what he sees before him. About three years and a half ago, I was working, during the early part of the week, at a sensation novel; during the latter part at a book about Paris. Three slips of the manuscript of the story got mixed up with the copy of the other book, and, curiously enough, the paging tallied. Of course, they were set up, and one morning I had a telegram from the printers to the effect that they were extremely puzzled. I was puzzled myself for a moment, but their reader was decidedly under the impression that I had suddenly been bereft of my senses. The "comps" had not as much as noticed the very strange interpolation.

This would lead one to infer that compositors read very mechanically the copy before them and that they do not at all times follow the sense of it. I am by no means certain of this; I am merely suggesting in the way of explaining such a mistake as the one just recorded. But I feel almost convinced that many of the trombone and bombardon players only accompany by ear, and that they can scarcely read music. Here is my reason.

Many, many years ago I had a commission for a series of articles under the title of "Foreign London." I had written three or four when I conceived the idea of describing the inner working of a German band, not from hearsay, but from practical experience. I prevailed, for a consideration, upon the leader of such a band, which had its quarters in Rupert Street, Leaman Street, E., to let me take the place of one of its members. "You hat petter blay ze bombardon," he suggested; "it is easy, if you know how." I did not know how, for I had never played an instrument, and can scarcely read a note of music; but he allowed me to join him, for all that. The bombardon-player whom I was to replace would take a holiday.

Early next morning I donned the flat cap and the thickly padded coat worn by the rest; I kept my own trousers on. It was a sweltering hot day, we walked all the way from the East End to Kensington, and by the time we got there, what with the heavy instrument I had to carry and that awful coat and cap, I was thoroughly done up. I did no playing, but collected the money. In my capacity of collector, I had to knock at the door of a house which had often opened to me as a guest. The maid virtually recognised me in spite of my disguise; as she walked up the passage I heard her say to her fellow servant, "The German bandman is exactly like Mr. —." I did not wait, but fled; and made my way, bombardon and all, in hot haste to the East End. When I got there the bombardon player had gone for his holiday with my coat, waistcoat, and hat on. He did not return till one in the morning. I wrote the article telling my experiences.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.
R F OLIVER (Sunderland).—We think you had better write direct. The Divan, Strand, would probably be a sufficient address.
F JAMES (Wolverhampton).—There is no other solution. You overlook the fact that White's piece is pinned if you make the move suggested.
C DAHL.—Thanks for enclosures.

J N COFFIN.—We will look into the matter. At the moment we cannot be sure the position is correct.

J S BOYD (New York).—The problem shall be examined, and we will report the result as soon as possible. We cannot, however, forward diagrams if accepted.

H T BAILEY.—Thanks, it shall have our attention.

D F S (Hornsey).—Your opponent is quite right; you must take the Pawn on passant immediately.

H D O'BERNARD.—We hope to find it acceptable.

W F BRUCE.—The problem you send is faulty in many ways, and, even if correct, is too weak in construction.

F ANDERSON.—Your problem is correct, but the idea is very old and well known.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2749 received from C A M (Penarg); of No. 2750 from Nikhilnath Maitra (Chinsurah) and C A M (Penarg); of No. 2751 from Sidney M Pritchard (Yerand); of No. 2752 from Evans (Port Hope, Ontario); of No. 2754 from Rev Armand Des Rosset Meares (Baltimore, U.S.A.); Evans (Port Hope), and Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna); of No. 2755 from Miss D Gregson (Manchester), Alicia, W Senik (Prague), Professor Karl Wagner, R A M, and F J Candy (Croydon); of No. 2753 from J Bailey (Newark), Albert Ludwig (Alsace), I F D, Professor Karl Wagner, Alicia, William D J Edwards, H Wilson (Belfast), J Mackenzie, Gertrude Timothy, Frank R Pickering, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), J V Senik (Prague), Ubique, and G H I (Belfast).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2757 received from Alpha, F James (Wolverhampton), F W C (Edgbaston), R H Brooks, Professor Karl Wagner (Vienna), J F Moon, F A Carter (Maldon), Sorrento, H Wilson (Belfast), G J Veal, R Worters (Canterbury), F Anderson, Miss D Gregson, C E M (Ayr), E P Vulliamy, Dana John, W David (Cardiff), Frank Proctor, F Waller (Luton), Bluet, J D Tucker (Leeds), C E Perugini, Frank R Pickering, Albert Ludwig (Alsace), Fred J Gross, T Chown, Shadforth, M A Eyre (Eckstone), Ubique, W Round (Birmingham), F J Candy (Croydon), J S Wesley (Exeter), J Sowden, Eugene Henry, W A Barnard (Uppingham), Henry Le Jeune, T G (Ware), Charles Burnett, Thos D Brett (Bletchley), J M Shillington, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), M L Gilliespie, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), William W J Edwards, H B S (Saffron Walden), T Roberts, C F Josling (Dover), E Loudon, W F Bruce (Highgate), and W R B (Clifton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2756.—By E. P. VULLIAMY.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 4th.
2. Q takes Kt (ch)
3. P to K 4th, mate.

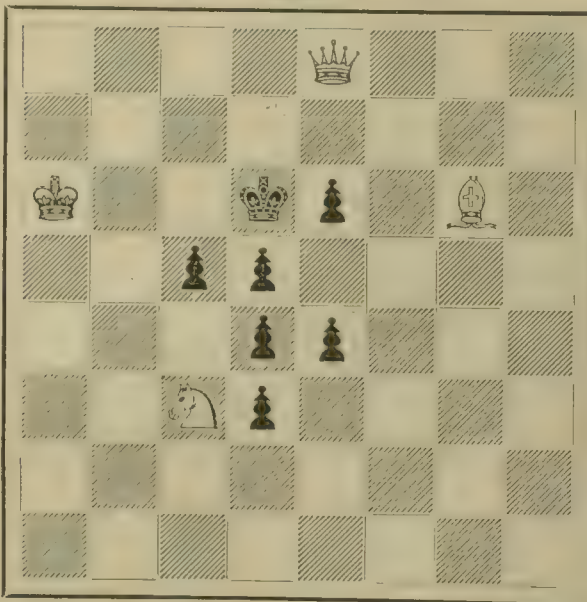
If Black play 1. P to K 5th, 2. Kt to Kt 7th (ch), K moves, 3. Kt mates.

BLACK.

- R to B sq
- R takes Q

PROBLEM No. 2759. By C. W. (Sunbury).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played at Moscow between Messrs. LASKER and TSCHIGORIN. (Evans Gambit).

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes Kt P
5. P to B 3rd B to B 4th
6. Castles P to Q 3rd
7. P to Q 4th B to Kt 3rd
8. P to Q 4th

The real value of a game of this kind is that it affords a pleasing illustration of certain opening theories in regard to this popular opening. It is made clear later that White intended relying upon making some use of this Pawn in the end game, but the move proved futile.

8. P takes P
9. P takes P
10. B to Q Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
11. B takes Kt (ch) P takes B
12. P to R 5th B to R 2nd
13. B to K 3rd Kt to K 2nd
14. Kt to B 3rd Castles
15. Q to B 2nd B takes Kt
16. P takes B P to K B 4th

A move of much point and force. Black now threatens P to B 5th, which could hardly be allowed.

17. P to B 4th P takes P
18. Kt takes P Q to Q 2nd
19. Kt to Kt 3rd K to R sq
20. Q R to B sq Q R to Kt sq
21. K R to Q sq R to Kt 4th
22. Q to B 3rd Kt to Q 4th
23. Q to Q 2nd

To guard the K B P. It would leave

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
The Pawns hopelessly weak to play Q takes Q B P. But now White's Pawns are so weak that one or two must soon fall in any case.
23. P takes P P to B 4th
24. P takes P Kt takes B
25. Q takes Kt Q to B 2nd
Attacking the real weak point. If D takes P at once a piece is lost.

26. P to B 5th B takes P
27. Q to K 6th B takes P (ch)
28. K to R sq B takes Kt
29. Q takes Q R takes Q
30. P takes B Q R takes B P
31. R to B 6th P to R 3rd
32. R takes R P R to B 5th (ch)
33. R takes R R takes R (ch)
34. K to Kt 2nd R to Q B 2nd
35. R to R 7th K to R 8th
36. K to B 3rd K to Kt 3rd
37. P to R 6th R to Q R 8th
38. R to R 8th R to R 5th
39. P to R 7th K to Kt 4th
40. R to K Kt 8th R takes P
41. R takes P (ch) K to B 3rd
42. R to R 7th K to K 4th

The direct road to victory. It is unnecessary to protect the R P and waste time.

43. R takes R P P to B 4th
44. R to R 5th (ch) K to Q 5th
45. R to R sq P to B 5th
46. P to Kt 4th P to Q 4th
47. P to Kt 5th P to B 6th

Black wins.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

If there is one form of germ or microbe whose history is of vast practical importance to mankind, it is certainly the diphtheria bacillus, which shares with the germs of cholera, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, and small-pox, the unenviable notoriety of causing much sickness, misery, and death. We are now tolerably familiar with the diphtheria-germ and its ways. We can isolate it, and cultivate it so as to ensure its freedom from all confusion with other germs, and we can employ it for the inoculations which in the horse produce the all-valuable antitoxin used for the cure of the disease itself. But there are certain gaps in our knowledge of the diphtheria bacillus which it is desirable should be filled, and one may well be glad to note that an accession of information has of late days been made towards our understanding of the behaviour of this bacillus, especially in relation to milk.

Infected milk supplies have always been notorious for their origination of epidemics of scarlet fever, typhoid fever, and diphtheria alike. Nor is this a thing to be regarded as in any way curious. Milk itself, as an animal secretion, forms a perfect breeding-ground for germs of all kinds. Milk is, therefore, of all common fluids that which most is liable to convey infection, and in this respect it probably excels water itself. Then, when we have regard to its wide distribution, we may conceive how the spread of disease by an infected milk supply is at once an all too readily accomplished fact. The dairyman, as I have been accustomed to put it, like the plumber, holds us all in the hollow of his hand in this matter of disease dissemination. He has the power, or chance, if he be ignorant or careless, of sending microbes broadcast among us. Infectious disease or uncleanness in dairy premises implies the conveyance of such disease, or of the effects of the uncleanness (which is the same thing), to the households supplied with the milk. Well may we educate the dairyman and encourage him in the ways of sanitary well-doing, just as we may well insist on the plumber's being educated to know how to engineer our house-drainage properly, and to guard us from the inroads of sewer-gas.

Diphtheria bacilli have been found to grow with great facility in ordinary milk of fresh character, but it was also noted that when the milk had undergone the sterilising process, the growth of the bacilli was by no means of so marked or favourable a character. Therefore all doubt as to the possibility of diphtheria epidemics being propagated from the dairy may be regarded as having been dissipated; and it may be well to add that the germs of anthrax or splenic fever are equally to be feared if they are allowed to pass into milk—that is, in so far as their abundant growth is concerned. It is also stated in the report from which I quote these facts that cholera germs do not take kindly to milk, and when the milk is heated to about 37 deg. Centigrade the germs were killed in twenty-four hours. But if cholera microbes do not flourish in milk, they certainly do so in water, and in this respect resemble the bacilli of typhoid fever. It is to polluted water supplies that we really owe our epidemics of the latter diseases.

Speaking of epidemics, the plague raging at Bombay is in some respects a peculiar ailment, and one from which we may hope our sanitary precautions and the strict surveillance of shipping will deliver us. The improvement of our sanitation all round has cost us a great deal of money; but if ever money was well spent, it was and is certainly well laid out in giving us peace of mind at home when we hear of plague abroad. I note that Lord Lister, in speaking of the Bombay plague the other day at Belfast, remarked that M. Yersin had already begun the investigation of this ailment at the Pasteur Institute, and was hopeful of discovering a remedy for it in the shape of serum-treatment, such as is used for the cure of diphtheria, tetanus, and the like. Lord Lister also expressed the opinion that the plague might be conveyed to an unaffected country in ships and by means of rats. For the rat is liable to be affected, and, escaping from a ship into land quarters of insanitary nature, might well give rise to an invasion. Even if this contingency occurred, however, I should say the prompt action of our health officers exhibited, say, in the case of cholera invasion, would suffice to prevent any epidemic. It is the great principle of strangling the disease in its first cases by their isolation which marks the action of modern sanitation.

Sir John Lubbock, in his charming researches on ants and their ways, remarked the facility with which these socially minded insects succumbed to the attractions of intoxicating liquors. I am quoting from memory, but I think I am right in saying that the sober ants gave their drunken compatriots a cold bath by way of restoring them to the normal state. It would seem that occasionally these other social insects, the bees, may exhibit a lapse from the natural teetotalism which is the order of their race; although, as honey is their food, and as sugar is singularly liable to be split up by fermentation into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, they must live perilously near the origin of that which is the bane of the human prohibitionist.

It would seem that it is among the humble-bees that temperance reform is most needed. The temptation is offered in the shape of honey supplied by certain composite plants of the thistle and centaury tribes. Whether this honey is specially and naturally intoxicating or only occasionally so is an open question; but Mr. J. L. Williams tells us that when the bees partake of it, they imitate the maudlin human very closely, in that they roll on their backs, kick their legs in the air, and show the utterly helpless state of the chronic inebriate. As in ether-drinking, however, the intoxication is very brief in its effects; but, sad to relate, the bees return to the honey after recovery with renewed zest, although Mr. Williams relates that one bee which had been confined for a night in a botanical box with some of the special flowers showed signs of remorse on being set free. Possibly a surfeit overnight acted, as usual, in inducing a decided, if transitory, fit of virtue next morning.

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"THE DAUGHTERS OF BABYLON," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.



GOLDFINCHES.

By Archibald Thorburn.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

I do not think it is too early to discuss dresses for the Drawing-Room, a coming event which casts its shadow of expense before us. No doubt most of the trains, for the matron at least, will be made of velvet, and the prodigal amongst us will have these embroidered with silver and jet. After all, nothing makes a more beautiful dress than a combination of velvet with some soft luxurious chiffon



A COSTUME WITH CLOTH APPLIQUE.

and lace under-dress. One, of whose advent into Buckingham Palace I have already been advised, has an under-dress of pale blue chiffon, fringed with violets, with a berthe of old lace and a train of pale mauve velvet lined with brocade of pale blue, with bunches of violets on its surface. A beautiful scheme of colour truly! And another good scheme has a train of cerise velvet lined with pale pink satin bordered with sable, with an under-dress made in the robed style of faintest rose chiffon and stripes of lace. Of course the best gowns for the débutantes are white—the Josephine under-dress of white satin, embroidered in pearls and diamonds, with a train of white satin, lined with blue or pale pink, is very hard to beat. White velvet trains are gorgeously lovely, with just a touch of sable on the shoulders, a piece of point lace falling from the décolletage to the waist over a gown of white Irish poplin, with the hem worked with silver. And among the most fanciful brocades and satins dedicated to Court wear are some with white grounds and many coloured flowers, traced with a raised cord interspersed with glittering jewels. These are not specially charming, but they are new. A very beautiful brocade shows a chiné flower on a ground closely interwoven with gold tinsel; and perhaps the best of the other designs are those with medallions of flowers set into frames on white grounds. The promised popularity of embossed velvet cometh not, and the charms of moiré have decidedly faded; the plain satins and velvets jewelled, with trimmings of old lace and a touch of fur and many flowers, have it all their own way—and a very pretty way it is too, which reminds me of a diaphanous train whose details were whispered in my ear but yesterday. This was to be entirely made of chiffon, accordion kilted, fastened on the shoulders with old diamond buttons; and over the chiffon were to fall lace draperies, the under-dress being of ivory satin.

We ought to have no difficulty in fixing in our hair the feathers and veils this season, for the latest style of coiffure makes such a comfortable resting-place for these, the high loop on the top of the head being specially adapted to retain ornaments with dignity, and lending itself with grace to diamond tiaras.

But let me turn from such costly clothes to the consideration of costume which shall walk in humbler paths—to that one, for instance, sketched on this page, which is in the Princess form, a style of which we read often but seldom meet. This is perfectly simple in shape, trimmed at the neck and the front and round the back in corselet shape with an appliqué of a lighter cloth edged with a fine braid. Very quaint is that loose square cape, partaking somewhat of the virtues of the bolero; it is trimmed again with an appliqué of cloth, and bordered with fur, and is, of course, not a necessary complement to the costume, merely a conceit. Such a dress might well be carried out in black, with the appliqué in black, outlined with black braid; and, again, it would look well in mushroom tint, with a paler shade of

cloth used for the appliqué. The toque is of velvet in a bright shade of red, with the ostrich-feather shading from red to pink. In form it recalls the old turban—a popular shape this at the moment in Paris, where it is to be found with a soft brim formed of folds of tulle or velvet, not boasting that hard straight brim which formerly was its unbecoming lot. All these hats, indeed all the toques at present being worn, show a high knot of trimming at one side, this either being feathers, flowers, or waved quills, the most popular of the quills taking a cream tone, flecked with brown; from what bird they have been plucked I know not, but they do their decorative duty well, and are usually to be found clasped by a jewelled brooch, and they first put in their appearance in those rough felt toques which the authorities christened *Taufee*, for some extraordinary reason known only to themselves.

We grow hourly more luxurious in our tastes, and the beauty of the embroideries which appear on our costumes to-day shows them worthy of the handiwork of any age. All fabrics are embroidered, velvet and chiffon, perhaps, looking best under such treatment. No more lovely evening dresses were ever made than those of chiffon set into pleats from waist to hem, daintily traced with silver and gold thread and glistening with tiny jewels. Those pleated skirts—which, by the way, were first introduced two seasons ago—have at last caught the fancy of the Englishwoman. She not alone makes them of chiffon but of glacé silk and of cloth. It is quite twelve months ago since I met a cloth skirt treated in this fashion doing admirable duty on a bicycle; these kilted skirts, however, need expert manipulation, for they are so cut that the fullness round the hips is an unknown quantity, while the pleats round the feet set with sufficient amplitude.

Besides embroidering chiffon skirts, we embroider glacé skirts treated in this way. A really lovely evening dress of glacé have I seen with a skirt made in this fashion traced with silver and coral, the bodice matching this being of the swathed order, and showing at the top a fichu made of pale pink and coral coloured chiffon draped together, one over the other, and edged with lace fastened at one side with a bunch of geraniums. Coral, so the authorities say, is to supersede turquoise in our favour. Personally, I should think there was plenty of room for both of these, and, for my part, should consider the cabochon emeralds in combination with diamonds and steel or silver thread more attractive than either. A pretty fashion in embroidery is the silver sequin glistening amongst flowers worked in coloured silks and in narrow ribbons, and this is a revival of the styles which were in the days of Louis Seize, when dress was dress!

A letter from "W. E. E." demands my attention at once, and I may recommend my amiable correspondent to copy that net bodice illustrated in our columns this week, and supply it with sleeves, under-bodice, and skirt of dark red cloth. I am very tired of violet, and think the bolero of cloth which she suggests would be rather too severe for her. Furthermore, I recommend her to follow her own inclination as to dressmakers, and to buy a toque of dark red roses tied with dark red velvet ribbons, and just a pink bud at one side. I think I have answered all her questions, but if I have failed in any of my duties I stand prepared to be corrected, and to correct.—PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

Twice before this occasion has the Women's Suffrage Bill passed second reading. The first time was so long ago as 1870, when the measure was under the charge of Mr. Jacob Bright. On that occasion 145 Liberals and 70 Conservatives voted in favour, being 57 per cent. of the total vote cast. The next successful division was in 1886, when 172 Liberals and 92 Conservatives voted in favour, being 61 per cent. of the total vote cast. On no occasion has much more than two-thirds of the House voted at all, but that number has more than once been reached, and that is a large proportion to come to the mark on a non-Government question. The Parliament of 1886, it will be remembered, was a short-lived one, and there was no possibility then of the Bill being carried on a further step. There is plenty of time this Session, but the chance of any measure not taken up by Government getting through Committee is small. Though Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour have both repeatedly declared themselves in favour of the enfranchisement of women, there are some members of the present Ministry so strongly opposed to the question that it is doubtful if it can receive support from the Government as such. There is the further difficulty that the passing of any Reform Bill almost necessarily carries with it a dissolution, and of course nobody in Parliament wants that to come about just now. The net result of the recent favourable vote at best, therefore, may be expected to be that the Government will take up the question, probably as part of a Registration Bill, at a later date—in a future Session—when dissolution stares them in the face; and who can prophesy the circumstances that may then exist and render such a course impossible or desirable?

Mrs. Massingberd's funeral service in St. John's Church, Westminster, was attended by representatives from the Central Women's Suffrage Society, various temperance associations, and the Anti-Vivisection and Humanitarian Societies. Canon Wilberforce delivered the address, in which he referred to the fact that the Women's Suffrage debate was at the same moment going on in Parliament, and he reminded the congregation of the interest of Mrs. Massingberd in that question, as well as in all the other "ever-widening forces of her time for women." The beautiful floral tribute of the Pioneer Club was so large that it was carried by twelve members, headed by Viscountess Harberton. The funeral service was held over the ashes of the deceased, Mrs. Massingberd having left instructions for the cremation of her remains.

Great efforts are being put forth to prevent the licensing for vivisection of the new building, "The Institute of Preventive Medicine," on the Chelsea Embankment; but

I hope the tale told by a Dublin paper of the application of trade boycotting to this effort is not true. The story is that a certain baker near Chelsea, having refused to sign the petition against licensing "The Institute," has received an intimation from two of his customers that they intend to cease dealing with him in consequence. It would be too much to say that personal questions like this should not influence business—political and other questions of opinion do influence business prosperity in all walks of life—but to openly make the statement that custom is being withdrawn as a punishment for some cause outside business is not a justifiable method of advancing one's idea.

An Oxford Street tradesman who has just had to call his creditors together, places on the statement of his expenses: "Paid to customers' servants, £297." The leading journal of the trade remarks that "this kind of blackmail" is a general item of expense to West-End tradesmen. Mistresses should open their eyes to the error of allowing servants to pay bills, and should not permit the housekeeper or cook to choose the tradesmen.

Among the contributors to the Indian Famine Fund at the Mansion House is Miss Florence Nightingale, who sends £10, with the addition of a statement that "she wishes it were more." It may not be generally known that Miss Nightingale would be a rich woman but for her own disinterestedness. A very large sum of money (£50,000) was raised for a presentation to her immediately after the Crimean War, and by her own wish was applied in no way to her personal benefit, but for the foundation of a training school for nurses, the first in the kingdom, in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital. Miss Nightingale unhappily ruined her health by her great exertions in the Crimea, and during the greater part of the forty years which have since elapsed she has been confined to her couch and in constant suffering; nevertheless, she has been an untiring worker, and has been constantly referred to by successive Ministries for advice on matters connected with the sanitation and nursing of the Army.

Only last month an interesting and long letter from her appeared in a contemporary called *India*, advising as to the improvement of the sanitary conditions of Indian villages. Miss Nightingale proposes that a system of village lectures shall be organised under State assistance to instruct the people in the reasons for the need of a pure water supply, the removal of refuse, and the diminution of overcrowding. She suggests that the magic-lantern and the microscope should be called in to aid this teaching, and that the lecturers should be capable of going round the village the next day and giving practical advice as to what should be done in detail in that particular place. She adds that the lecturer should in every case be married, and accompanied



A NET BODICE.

by his wife, who could enter the homes and preach health and cleanliness to the village women. "To enlist the sympathy and gain the approval of the good mother is the keystone of the whole position; it is the peasant woman who in rural villages holds the key to health and disease."

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Howard Evans contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an article on the religious statistics of England and Wales. Leaving out the Salvation Army, the Society of Friends, the Roman Catholics, and the smaller Nonconformist sects, he concludes that nine denominations have 1,807,723 communicants in England, while the Church of England has 1,778,351. The number of sittings provided by these nine denominations and the Salvation Army is 7,610,003, while the Church of England provides for 6,718,228. The census of 1851 gave the number of sittings provided by the Church of England at 5,317,915, and by all others as 4,894,648. These are very remarkable figures, and they seem to have been carefully prepared. Mr. Evans, however, is, I understand, an official of the Liberation Society, and possibly exception may be taken to some of his statements.

The Church papers, while not satisfied with the Education Bill, think that it should be driven through without material alteration.

Attention is still being given in Church circles to the marriage of divorced persons. The Lower House of Convocation at Canterbury pronounced the marriage bond indissoluble save by death, and some of them talked of the other view as "a modified polygamy." Canon Bright, however, and the Bishop of Lincoln—names held in great esteem—are upon the other side.

Dr. F. B. Jevons has been appointed Principal of Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham. He is well known as a scholar and a writer; but while all the Principals of Hatfield Hall have hitherto been clergymen, Dr. Jevons is a layman. Among the candidates was Mr. Otley, of Pusey House. The appointment was made by Dean Kitchin.

The new Bishop of Sierra Leone, Canon Taylor Smith, is thoroughly familiar with his diocese. He was chaplain to the forces of the expedition to Ashanti. In that character he marched with the special service corps to Kumassi, and was able to officiate at the first church service held at Kumassi. The new Bishop will have to raise an endowment fund for the bishopric as well as an annual sum to pay the clergy of the Cathedral of St. George, the colonial chaplain grant being withdrawn, to maintain the fabric, also to maintain the technical school of the medical mission.

Dean Paget's sermons in London always draw large congregations. The other Sunday, when he preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, his discourse was very brief, and not on the level of his published work. He spoke mainly of the difficulty of entering into the meaning of pain. "I suppose that if we could present and bring home to our minds with anything like reality, with anything corresponding to actual experience, what the famine and the plague in India are meaning at this moment as I speak, as you listen—what is happening there to men, women, and children keenly sensitive to suffering—the imagination might be more than reason could endure."

Bishop Bickersteth of Japan will arrive in England during the course of the present month. He has been suffering from ill-health.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

General Camilo Polavieja, whose appointment to the Governorship of the Philippine Islands and to the chief command of the troops operating against the insurgents has created much satisfaction, is one of the few well-known Spanish Generals who have eschewed politics and who owe their promotion to skill and bravery alone. In 1858 he entered the army as a private soldier, and obtained the rank of a Lieutenant five years later. He distinguished himself so much in Cuba during the first part of the insurrection which lasted from 1868



Photo Debus, Madrid.

GENERAL POLAVIEJA.

to 1878 that when he returned to Spain, invalided, in 1872, he had risen to be a Lieutenant-Colonel. He won fresh distinction in the civil war that raged in Northern and Eastern Spain just over twenty years ago, and peace was scarcely restored when he sailed for Cuba as Major-General. There he conducted operations with remarkable ability and success. General Polavieja has held a number of important commands in the Peninsula. As chief of the Queen-Regent's Military Household, he won golden opinions as well as the friendship of his royal mistress, at whose special request, it is stated, he has proceeded to the Philippine Islands. He is a man of very studious tastes, devoted to his profession, and the confidence which his countrymen place in him may be estimated by the rejoicings inspired by his appointment to the supreme direction of affairs in the far East.

CHIT-CHAT OF TRAVEL.

I.—NAPLES AND POMPEII.

Yesterday we were shivering beneath ulsters and golf-capes at Marseilles; to-day we are afloat on the Mediterranean, lounging on deck-chairs beneath a cloudless sun, incredulously warm and joyful. For weeks past we have looked forward to this opportunity of escaping from winter chills and fogs; but the prospect has seemed too good to be true. To the last moment we have been afraid that something would happen to prevent our start; a telegram has threatened commercial disaster, a headache aroused fears of typhoid fever; it was not until the gangway was up and the anchor weighed that we dared to let ourselves go and call the day our own. And now good-bye to care—we have snatched six weeks from the maelstrom, and we will guard them jealously; Telegrams are forsworn; newspapers we will have none; an occasional letter from home to say "We are well," "We are thinking of you," and we wish no further news. What an intoxicating experience—forty long days in which to be idle, to be warm, to be occupied from morning until night with the estimable object of promoting our own enjoyment!

We penned a hasty line from Marseilles to announce our arrival to our friends, and to break to them the painful fact that our fellow passengers were the most impossible set of people whom it had ever been our misfortune to meet, and that we intended to keep severely to ourselves. It is twenty-four hours since then, and our opinion is softening. The lady in the grey dress has a most engaging Irish brogue; the gentleman of the saturnine countenance has made a joke of the first water; and the elderly spinster with the camera has a cousin who used to know a friend of our aunt! Things are looking up. We admit to ourselves that there are one or two people on board who are "quite nice," and almost worthy of the honour of our acquaintance.

About noon on the second day we anchor in the Bay of Naples, and are immediately surrounded by half-a-dozen small boats, filled by picturesque vendors of jewellery, combs, garden-hats, opera-glasses, etc. A handsome brown-skinned fellow dives for pennies in the background; another reiterates his cries with shrill familiarity from the gangway: "Yong man! yong man! Looka 'ere! You buy hat? Vera sheep! Yong man, look 'ere! You buy sheep!" while the strains of "Finiculi Finicula" ring out incessantly from a trio of mandolines and as many lusty throats. Now, indeed, we feel that we are in the Sunny South, and we land at the quay with its trellis of clematis and roses, and drive through the picturesque, untidy streets with fascinated interest.

And now for Pompeii! When the train stops at the station what shall we see? Pompeii has been for so long the site of romantic dreamings that we tremble for the realisation, and the tremble changes to a shudder as we gaze horror-stricken upon a white hotel, disfigured by an advertisement of "Wine, Beer, Whisky," in black letters of abnormal size. For the moment we are all teetotalers, and ablaze with indignation. We tell each other sternly

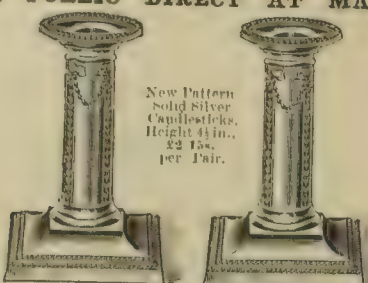
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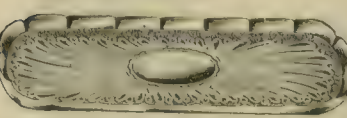
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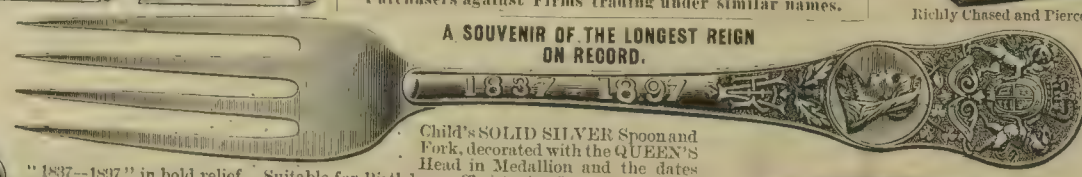
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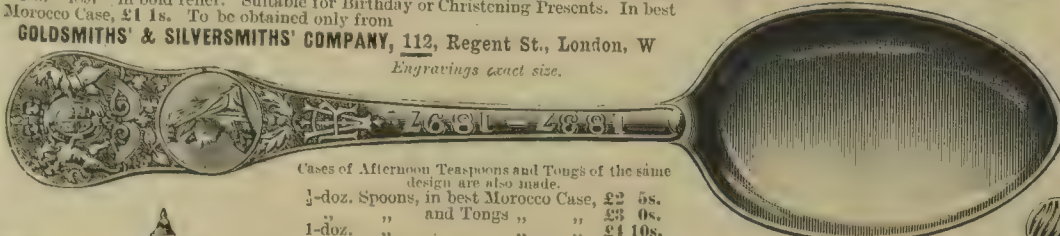


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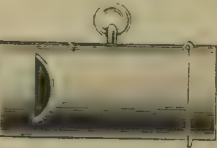
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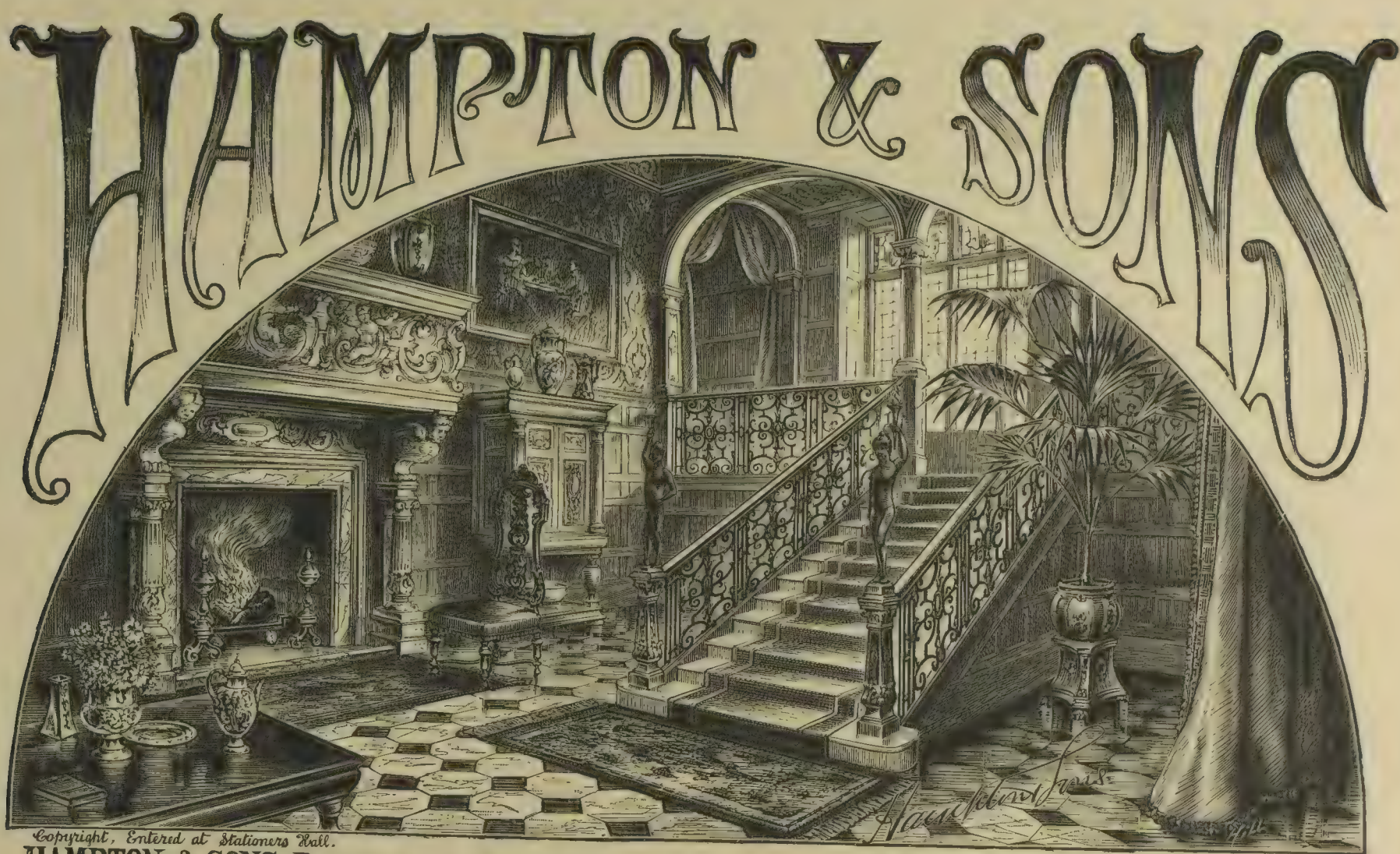


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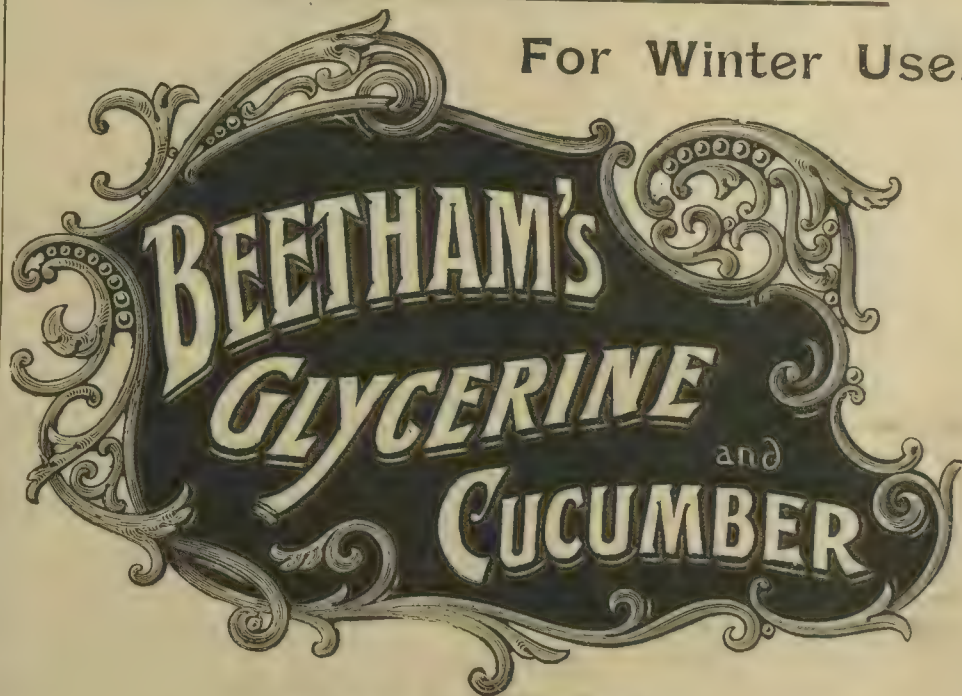
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that such desecration should not be allowed, and denounce the authorities. Four hours later, as we trudge station-ward with weary step . . . but that is another story. It is a good thing to cherish noble sentiments, even if we have known a temporary backsliding under the stress of temptation!

The usual throng of deformed and afflicted beggars greet us on our arrival, but they reap a scanty harvest. The fact is they do not understand the secret of obtaining money from English visitors. If anyone interested in their welfare were to give them educational advantages in the matter, there is no doubt that they would amass a fortune. A beggar so trained would approach an English lady, and say, mildly, "Signora, for the love of Heaven! I have a disease in my eyes! If you do not give me a lira I will lift the bandages!" or "Signora, most beautiful! Something unspeakable has happened to my arm! If you do not give me silver coins I will wave it in your face!" And, presto! that lady's purse would be at her disposal. Under the present circumstances the English lady groans and pinches her companion's arm, who promptly waves his stick and hurries onward at a brisk trot. I commend this suggestion to those interested on behalf of the suffering poor!

The first feeling on entering Pompeii is one of vague disappointment. Low roofless walls flank the narrow streets, and seem singularly devoid of association. One cannot help wishing that in a few instances at least the articles of furniture and household use could have been left in the places in which they were discovered, instead of

being carried wholesale to the Museum. In only one house—and that the most recently opened to the public, is there the least realisation of a home. It is the house of a wealthy citizen, where the mosaics are still fresh upon the walls, and the central court is surrounded by marble statuettes raised on graceful columns. In the centre of this court a plot of ground has been filled with flowering plants, and this touch of life gives reality to the scene. Without the flowers it would have been a roofless ruin, and imagination had lagged behind; with the sight of the glowing blossoms come a hundred vivid pictures. We see lone and Glaucus walk hand-in-hand along the tessellated pavement, and Nydia of tender memory come through yonder doorway, to tend the flowers she loved. . . .

The Bay of Naples by moonlight is so exquisitely lovely that we decide to send home for our furniture, and settle down for the rest of our lives in this entrancing spot. When we discover, however, that the glowing red light half-way down the side of Vesuvius is not artificial and in connection with the railway, as we supposed, but a new crater which has been formed during the past year, we change our mind definitely and in haste. In truth it is an awe-inspiring spectacle—like a stoke-hold into an immense furnace, and seeming to threaten immediate disaster. We must sail further on in search of a surer haven. And so good-bye to Naples. The long path of moonlight ripples behind us, the lights of the city fade away; and the strains of Santa Lucia come faintly to our ears. We are again at sea.

H. M.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 21, 1895) of Mr. Hugh Alleyne Sacheverel Bateman, of Etwell Lodge, Derby, who died on Oct. 26 at Overton Hall, Ashover, was proved on Jan. 25 by Mrs. Anna Bateman, the widow, Sir Peter Carlaw Walker, Bart., and Richard Stephens Taylor, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £84,117. He bequeaths £500 each to his sisters-in-law, Edith Greenfield and Blanche Bridges; £1000 and his guns and rifles to George Bridges; £500 to his father-in-law, Edward Bridges; £500 to Constance Bridges; £1000 to the Derby Infirmary; and £500, upon trust, for the poor of Derby and Etwell. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his wife absolutely, but he expresses a wish that she will at her decease leave the bulk of his property to a member of the Bateman family.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1895), with a codicil (dated Dec. 16 following), of Mr. Richard Vigors Doyne, of 8, Stratton Street, Piccadilly, formerly of the Calcutta Bar, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Jan. 26 by Mrs. Nanny Doyne, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £67,524. The testator gives £200 each to his brother Major Henry Doyne, his sister Mrs. Frances Taylor, and Henry Berners; £100 to William Thomas Berners, and ninety shares of the Grand Junction Canal Company, twenty-one shares of the New River Company, all his interest in the Rampore and Abong Tea Estates, and, on the death of his wife, seventy-five shares

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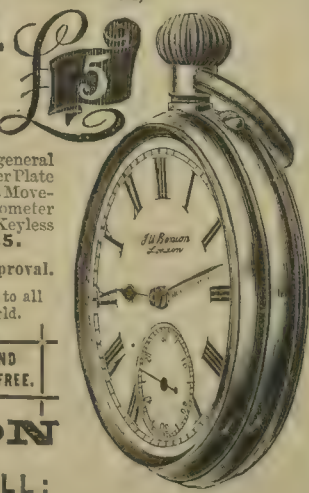
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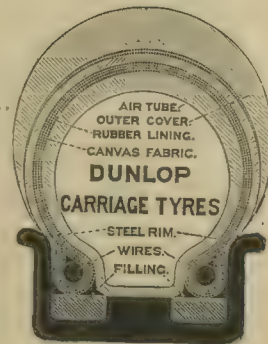
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in the Bengal Coal Company to his three granddaughters Dorothy, Sibyl, and Marjory Monoux Payne. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his property in India, he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated March 30, 1889) of Mr. George Edwin Williams, of Saltwood Lodge, Queen's Road, Woodbury Park, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on Jan. 26 by Percy Brooke Claris, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate being £58,849. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institute (Euston Road), the Providence Night Refuge (Crispin Street, Spitalfields), and the Home for Fallen Women and Girls (Reading); £50 to the Dogs' Home (Battersea); £300 each to the Royal Medical Benevolent College (Epsom), the Dreadnought Seamen's Hospital (Greenwich), Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Asylum for Idiots (Earlswood), the Female Hospital and Asylum (Westbourne Grove), the Marine Society (Warspite training-ship), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), and the Asylum for Fatherless Children (Reedham); £200 to the Hospital for the Chest and the Throat (Golden Square); £500 each to the London Hospital, the Cancer Hospital, and the National Life-boat Institution; £1000 to Mary Quihampton; £500 to Percy Brooke Claris; £3000, his gold watch and chain, and furniture to the value of £100 to his housekeeper, Jemima Hoile; £500 to his former housekeeper, Eliza Roberts; £1000, and all plate

with the Redman crest, to John Baldry Redman; £1500 to his sister-in-law, Mary Williams; £800 to the children of his deceased brother Frederick; and other legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother Edward Williams and his sister Emily Pingree in equal shares; but it would appear that they both died in his lifetime.

The will and codicil of Mr. William King, of the Ivy House, Denham, Bucks, farmer and miller, were proved on Jan. 28 in the Principal Registry by Mrs. King, the widow, the sole executrix, the personal estate being sworn at £44,282 3s. 4d. After giving pecuniary legacies and annuities to relatives, friends, and persons in his employment, the testator leaves the whole of the residue of his personal estate and all his real estate to his widow.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1894) of Mr. William Edward Stewart, F.R.C.S., formerly of Harley Street, and late of 68, Brunswick Terrace, Hove, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Jan. 29 by William Robert Henry Stewart and Edward Stewart, the sons, and Herbert Spencer Clutton, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £23,942. The testator bequeaths £300 and his jewels, plate, pictures, furniture, carriages and horses to his wife Mrs. Louisa Stewart. He devises his freehold premises, 16, Denmark Road, Lowestoft, to his wife for life, and then to his son William Robert and his heirs male. The residue of his property is to be held upon trust for

his wife for life, and at her decease for his three daughters, Louisa Lenox Stewart, Maud Helen Stewart, and Edith Emily Henrietta St. John Oliver, his sons being already well provided for.

The will (dated February 1877), with four codicils (dated April 11, 1885, March 15, 1886, Feb. 21, 1889, and June 6, 1896), of Mrs. Johanna Walters, widow of Gregory Seale Walters, first Agent-General for South Australia, and daughter of the late Frederick Huth, late of 12, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, who died on Oct. 31, was proved on Jan. 27 by Frederick Walters, the son, and Alfred Castellain, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,433. The testatrix bequeaths her library of books and all her plate, furniture, effects, consumable stores, horses and carriages, to her son Frederick, and exercises in favour of her children various powers of appointment given to her by her marriage and other settlements and by the will of John Frederick Huth. The residue of her property she leaves to or upon trust for her sons and daughters, Frederick Walters, Thomas Walters, Henry Huth Walters, Edmund Huth Walters, Louisa Sarah Easton, Anna Manuela Cotterill, and Amelia Jane Walters.

The will (dated Oct. 1, 1896), with a codicil (dated Nov. 22, 1896), of Mr. John Reginald Riddell, D.L., of Spreacombe Park, Morthoe, Devon, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on Jan. 28 by Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Croft Ryder, the son-in-law, and Mason Kilner, the

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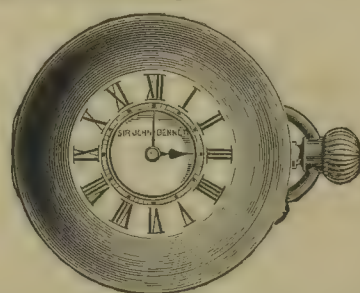
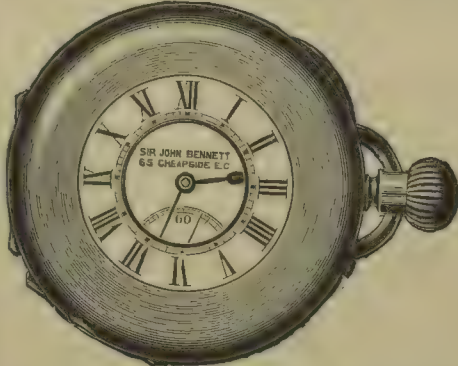
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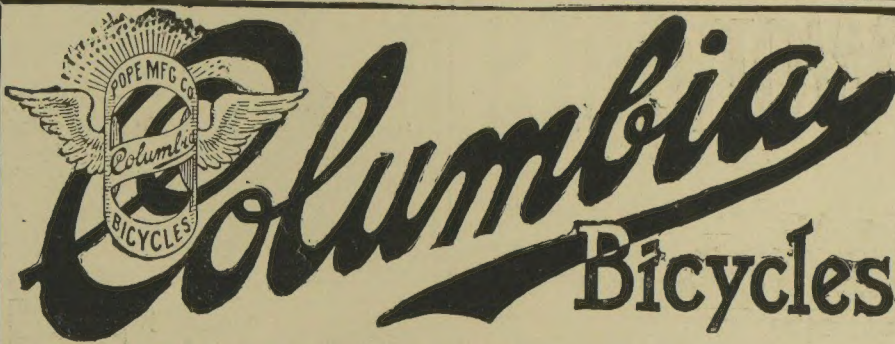
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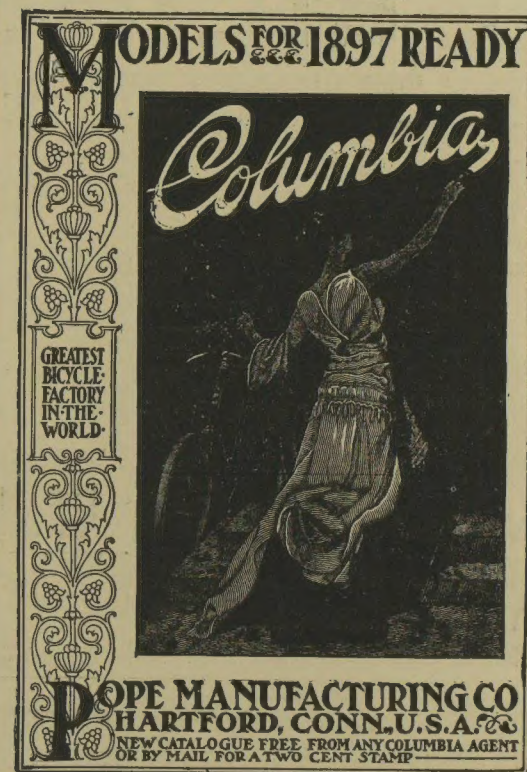
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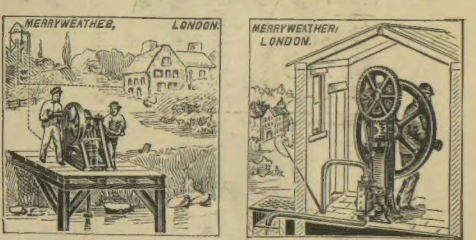
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executors, the value of the personal estate being £14,246. He bequeaths £100 each to his executors, £25 per annum to his servant, Sarah Groves, for life; and his furniture and household effects to his daughter, Mrs. Rose Christina Ryder. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one fourth, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ryder; one fourth between his grandchildren, Walter R. K. Riddell and Maud Sanson; one fourth, upon trust, to pay £52 per annum to his daughter-in-law Maria Isabella Bates, for life, and subject thereto to the four children of his deceased son, Reginald Charles Riddell; and the remaining one fourth, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to Georgina Theodore Riddell, for life, and then for her three children, Flora Alice Till, Valerie Isabel Riddell, and Robert Andrew Riddell.

The will and codicil of Admiral Thomas Hutchinson Mangles Martin, J.P., of Bitterne Lodge, Bitterne, near Southampton, who died on Dec. 8, were proved on Jan. 28 by Mrs. Charlotte Roadley Martin, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £6081.

The will (dated Oct. 23, 1896) of Miss Mathilde Cohen or Blind, of The Poplars, 20, Avenue Road, Regent's Park, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on Jan. 28 by Charles Rowley, Robert Singleton Garnett, and Alfred Moritz Mond, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2736. After giving many specific bequests and legacies, she leaves the residue of her property, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to Catherine Hueffer for life, and the remainder of the income of her said residuary

estate to her mother Fredericke Blind for life. At their respective deaths the capital sum is to be held, upon trust, to found a Scholarship in English, Foreign, or Ancient Literature at Newnham College, Cambridge, to be called the "Mathilde Blind Benefice."

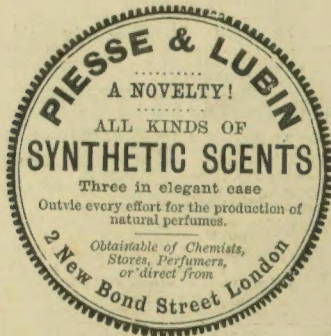
The will (dated Sept. 2, 1891), with two codicils (dated Nov. 7, 1893, and March 27, 1895), of Lady Jane Henriette Swinburne, of 20, Ennismore Gardens, the mother of the poet, who died on Nov. 26, was proved on Jan. 26 by Miss Alice Swinburne and Miss Isabel Swinburne, the daughters, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £5160. With the exception of a few legacies to relatives and servants, the testatrix leaves all her property, upon trust, for her unmarried daughters.

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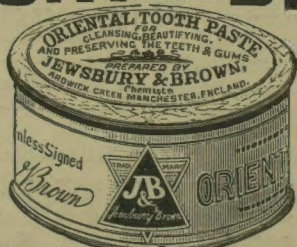
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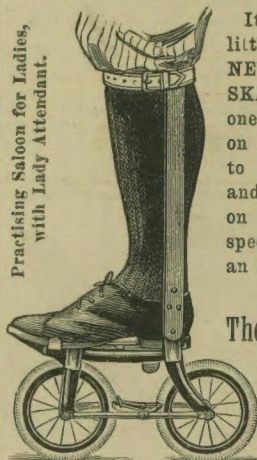


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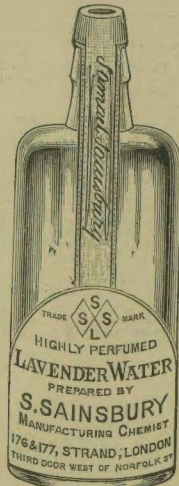
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Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin or even white linen. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

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Silver - Plated Saucepan, if required. Two persons, 10/6 extra. Four persons, 14/- extra. F.P. under Kettle.

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For Delicate and Sensitive Skins.

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FOR BILE, LIVER, HEADACHE, HEARTBURN, INDIGESTION, ETC.

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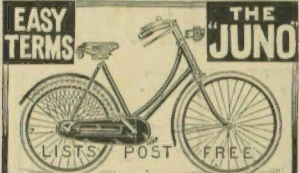
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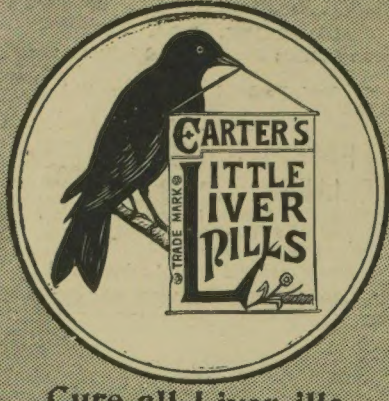
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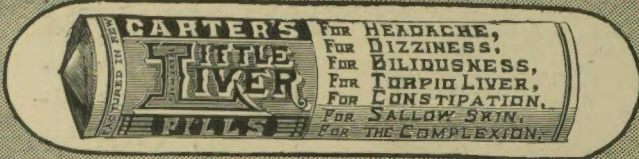
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Exact size and shape of Package.



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CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story of the defendant, Freeman, was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say it had been sworn to.—See "Times," July 13, 1894.

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